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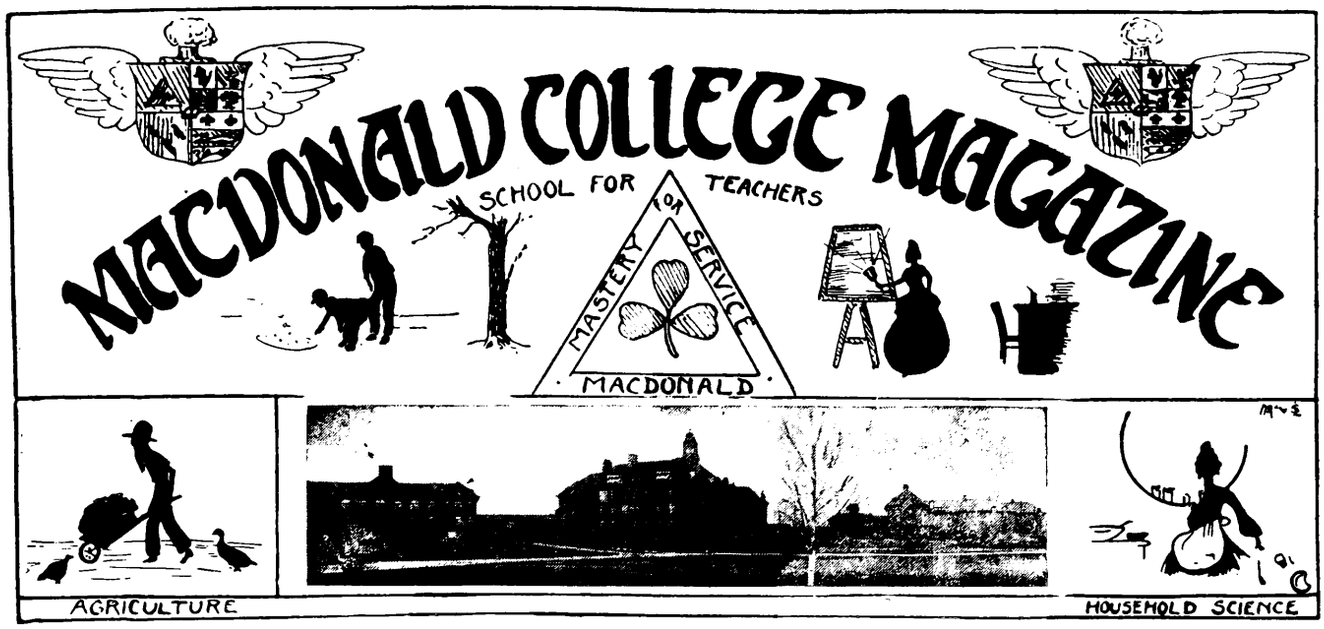

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For The Love of a Lady

A Romance, in the Days of Queen Elizabeth

"Come Rollo, 'tis not far now. A little while and we will be safely home. Home, Rollo, and all that that means to us. Yes, to you too, old fellow, for were you not raised there as well as I? Come, I can see the lights of Clarence now. A short gallop through the town will see us at our journey's end."

The speaker was a young man of about twenty years of age, slight but well built. The party addressed was the horse he rode, which had carried its master many a weary mile on his visit home from the military college he was attending. The lad wore the dress of the times, and, as befitted a newly appointed cadet, the usual weapon of defence (or offence) of the period, the rapier.

In response to its rider's urgings the horse gave a short toss to its head and broke into a gallop as if sensing the nearness of food and shelter. It was growing dark and the lights twinkled merrily below them in the village and the horse's hoofs set up a lively tinkling of stones on the road.

As they reached the bottom of the hill the rider gave a hasty cry of warning and pulled his horse up suddenly to avoid striking a man who dodged quickly to one side of the road.

"Way, way, man! Are you daft or have you a wish to feel my horse's heels"? he cried angrily.

In return he was answered by an exclamation of pleasure.

"Praise be, if it is not the young master's voice. 'Tis Giles, sir, who speaks. Methinks there'll be a happy heart this night at the manor".

"Why Giles, you old scoundrel" cried Jack Hawkins, for such was the young cadet's name, "I came near to killing a good servant. How left you my sister at home?"

"Well indeed, sir, but it was not you she was expecting when I left".

"I had no chance to forward a letter in time" said Jack "but you speak as if she had expected someone else. Come, who is he?"

"Captain Calvert of Her Majesty's Ship *Fairmount,* by your leave, sir. *He arrived* this evening."

"Then I am in luck indeed for he is one of my best friends, and my sister's too if I mistake not" he added to himself, "but come, you have not told me what keeps you away from the manor at this hour?

"'Tis something of which I wish to warn you, sir. A certain bravo and his friends are in town; a foreigner with a face like a hatchet and a mind as evil. He is known as a killer and if we are to judge by the length of his rapier and his height, it should not be hard for him to gain an advantage over any man. Have a care, sir, for yourself. I had business in town and he threatened to spit me on the street because I moved not fast enough from his path and I had to take to my heels. 'Twas for that that I waited for dark."

"This is news indeed, but know you what this man is called"? asked Jack.

"Count de Sweine, I was told, sir."

"Well named, in truth. I have met his breed before and it is not a pleasant one to meet either. But come, Giles, let us be gone. 'Tis late and I have not yet dined.—But hark friend, what is that? There is some evil afoot or I am at fault"

A cry of terror faint but unmistakable was heard from the direction of the town.

"Follow as best you can, Giles" cried Jack as the cry was repeated "perhaps it is your friend the Count himself."

Setting spurs to his animal Jack Hawkins directed his horse down the street to the town at top speed. The cries increased, apparently coming from an inn on his left. He slid off his horse as he passed the doorway and threw open the door.

A sight confronted him which made his blood boil. The innkeeper's daughter, a pretty young girl whom Jack knew well, was struggling in the arms of a most unsavory looking individual who, Jack surmised from Giles' description, was Count de Sweine. A crowd of retainers and servants had gathered but were held in check by the swords of the Count's friends. Disregarding the odds Jack leaped and sent the Count reeling backwards from a blow which he delivered with all his strength. In a second he was the centre of a circle of sword points.

The Count rose and advanced with a step like a cat.

"Hold, my friends," he said softly, "he is mine for that blow. If puppies go hunting they must take the consequences. Will you fight, young fool, or be spitted?

Drawing himself up Jack faced his enemy boldly.

"The hog wallows wondrous well, Count de Sweine" he said quietly, "but we English object when they wander into our pastures. Fight or be spitted? No doubt, 'twill mean fight *and* he spitted, but come, do your worst. No bravo asked a Hawkins twice."

The count with a pleased cunning look upon his face slowly divested himself of his doublet and drew his long rapier, a rapier that reached to the ground and looked more like a spear than a sword in his hand. Jack watched him a trifle white faced, but put his back to the wall and did likewise. Giles called to him from the door begging him to flee and save his life.

"No, old friend, I would not if I could, but save yourself and tell all to sister Mary if I see her not again" said Jack.

The lad looked slight and frail as he faced his antagonist; hardly out of his teens he looked young and boy-like in strange contrast to the evil looking ruffians that faced him. The crowd had increased, attracted no doubt by Giles who was such a heartbroken spectator at the door. The girl had fled.

"I presume, Count, that we have our swords matched before engaging" exclaimed Jack with a faint but forlorn glimmer of hope on his face. "It is custihary, is it not?"

"Zounds, young pigeon heart, remember my terms. Fight" and the count smiled evilly "or be spitted."

Suiting the action to the word, the count made a pass straight at the lad's eyes. Jack ducked, and engaged. In a second he was fighting for his life.

That his opponent meant to kill him Jack did not have a doubt. Handicapped by the superior reach due to the count's longer sword, he fought at desperate odds and, feeling that it was but a matter of time before he was killed, he breathed a silent prayer to himself that he might not show any faltering in front of his enemies before his end came.

II

The garden of the Hawkins' estate showed prettily in the moonlight. Banked by the typically long English hedges and wild flowers; with gravelled walks interspersing the green lawns, and hollyhocks lining their edges; it looked a fitting place for a lovers' meeting. Beneath an arbor of wild vines, at the end of the main walk, sat a couple in earnest conversation. The night was still and the air heavily laden as after a hot summer's day.

The gate opened with a faint click and Giles came hurriedly up the path. As he reached the top he paused with a slight gasp as he discerned the two figures half screened before him. The man was speaking and his voice came clearly to Giles where he stood. He was speaking words of love. Strangely enough Giles shuddered where he stood, afraid to advance or retire. The girl was speaking now and Giles knew it to be that of his orphaned mistress.

"Tom" she said "you are a good man, a man of a big heart and understanding and I am not insensible to your worth. Give me, however, a little time to think and you will have your answer to-morrow. I would come to you soberly and deliberately an I come at all. Besides, to-night I feel uneasy, why I know not, but I dreamt of black butterflies last night that appeared from a clear sky. I half expect brother Jack ere long as his holidays were not far off when last he wrote. I wish I had word of him."

"A thing not worth waiting for is not worth having, but forget your dream of butterflies and let the clear sky remain. An you are ready, dear heart, we will go in."

The speaker, who as the reader may have guessed was Captain Calvert, rose and assisted Mary Hawkins to her feet. Arm in arm they turned down the path, and in doing so confronted the spectre-like figure of Giles on the pathway.

"Why, 'tis Giles himelf, old friend," said the Captain cheerily, "but why stand you looking at us as if we were two ghosts? You do not seem overpleased to see me? Come, old villain, what have you against a poor captain of the Queen's navee?"

Giles stood mute before them. His hands were clenched and he shook as a man with the ague. Mary with a woman's intuition, darted forward and seizing him by the arm looked into his face.

"Something is wrong Giles, come, tell me" she said briefly.

"Wrong enough, mistress" said Giles at last, "but—" He hesitated and looked appealingly at the captain.

"But what? Come, tell me at once. I command you. What has happened? You look like death itself."

"I would someone else had the telling madam. 'Tis Master Jack" said Giles with a moan.

"Jack, what of Jack? Has he then arrived as I expected? But no, I know you love him well and you would not look as you do an he had. Tell me, hast seen him? Hast heard aught of him?"

"I left him but a short half hour ago at the inn, mistress" Giles braced himself and drew a deep breath. "He was fighting and I fear is killed" he blurted out at last. "A foreign cur has killed him. He fought like the gentleman he was to save a maid from insult and has been as good as foully murdered. I did what I could to get to his body, but have a sword thrust through my shoulder for my pains."

"My brother dead? Jack killed within his native town? Oh Giles, tell me it is not so" cried Mary in anguish of spirit. "Oh Jack, Jack, 'tis more than I can bear" and the girl grasping Giles by his arm directed a look of vain appeal into his face.

Tom Calvert had stiffened visibly when he heard these remarks. A man of few words he stood silent with his hands clasping and unclasping, which seemed to bode ill for someone.

"Mary, Giles is wounded and bears our commendation for his conduct. Come let us go in, see to his wound and learn more of the affair."

"And let my brother's murderers escape" cried Mary turning on him heatedly, "I would I were a man and I had not tarried here this long."

"The murderers have fled, madam" said Giles, "and have taken the road to London. The noise aroused the village and the place became too hot for them. They passed me on the road spurring hard."

"Captain Calvert, if you love me as you profess you do, your duty is plain" said Mary with her head high.

"My duty and inclination then agree, as I loved the lad little less than you. When you have time to reflect, Mary, you will regret your hasty words. Meanwhile I bid you farewell. I will return when I have met this man and his friends, not before."

Turning the Captain reached the gate and was through it in a moment. Giles called after him in terror, begging him to wait, but in a few seconds his horse could be heard beating a tattoo on the road. The noise gradually died away in the distance and the two were left alone.

"Pardon me, madam, if I give displeasure, but the captain goes to his death I fear" said Giles.

"What?" cried Mary with a forced laugh "to his death? There is not a finer swordman in all England. He has not fought beneath Drake's flag for naught."

"Brave men and good men have met their fate ere this when matched against a bravo's longer sword" replied Giles.

"Longer sword? What mean you Giles?" asked Mary with an anxious note in her voice.

"Yonder count had a rapier of terrible length. 'Twas that that gave him the advantage over Jack" explained Giles.

"God in heaven, what have I done" cried Mary in distress, "Oh Giles, why did you not tell me sooner. But no, I blame you not, I gave you no chance to speak. Can nothing be done? Surely the laws of England do not allow such things"?

A man must accept the weapon of his opponent when he challenges" said Giles. "But look, here come some folks who may give us further news."

A crowd could be seen coming up the road. Most of them armed, they made a formidable looking array in the moonlight. When they reached the gate two gentlemen who were in front entered the garden and advanced up the path, taking off their hats with a deep bow on recognizing Mary.

"I can see, Mistress Hawkins" said one whom Mary knew well as a friend of

Jack's, "by the presence of your servant, that you already have knowledge of the happenings in the village. The devils have escaped us, where we know not, for we have scoured the countryside. We thought your servant might have news of them?"

"They have taken the road to London, and Captain Calvert, whom I think you know, is in pursuit" said Mary, "but Giles is wounded and needs our attention. Meanwhile, good friend, I thing I have strength to hear aught you may know of my brother?"

III

Tired and travel stained, Captain Calvert did not draw rein until the following morning in a small village not many miles from the gates of London, and on the main highway. Receiving word that his quarry had stopped there the night before and had gone on but an hour since, he gave his horse over to the ostler at the nearest inn. After a wash and general clean up of which he was well in need, he sat down to a good steaming mess of pottage which the innkeeper placed before him.

He had lost track of the count and his friends by taking a by-path which had taken him many miles out of his way, and which had meant his retracing his steps and allowing the count to spend a peaceful night at the inn without making his (Capt Calvert's) acquaintance.

The captain, always an optimist, breakfasted well, knowing not what he had before him and realizing that his enemy would, at least, have had some sleep the night previous. Calling the innkeeper for a light, he considerably astonished that worthy gentleman by proceeding to light his pipe, an instrument which the good man had never seen before. With his feet on the table, the captain sat in thought for some time with the smoke curling lazily from his mouth. Like a true adventurer he made his short rest as complete as possible. Sure of his quarry now, who, he had heard from the innkeeper, was proceeding to Queen Elizabeth's court; and on reflection feeling that Mary's words were but natural for a woman in times of trouble, he gave himself up to the enjoyment of the moment. A finished master of sword play, he thought but little of the encounter before him.

While sitting thus, his attention was suddenly aroused by a clatter of hoofs on the highway outside and a coach and party of horsemen drew up at the inn. Getting to his feet he peered through the latticed windows.

"Sink me if it isn't the admiral himself" he groaned under his breath, "I must be out of this at once if I wish to catch my man."

Catching up his sword and cloak he made for the back, calling to the ostler as he went. A stable boy brought his horse into the stable yard at his call which they hastily saddled.

Meanwhile the admiral, always a keen eyed man, on entering had noticed the breakfast plates, and hearing sounds at the rear passed right through. He now stood just within the door regarding them thoughtfully. Saddled, the captain stole quietly up the short lane leading to the highway, mounted and was off. The innkeeper came bustling to the rear in search of his distinguished guest, while the stable boy gaped in wonder to see the idol of his dreams in flesh and blood before him.

"Captain Calvert rides early and on business I presume?" said the admiral, "Is the matter an urgent one Master Innkeeper?"

" I know not his business, sir, but I think he rides in pursuit of a certain Count de Sweine who stopped here yesternight."

"De Sweine, you say" said the admiral

starting, "then 'tis a fight I doubt not—I think I know the man and I can ill spare my captains for that foreigner's murderous play. Captain Walker we drive on, and at once. There is a matter ahead that will bear looking into. There are times in our lives when we must wait and to the world appear indifferent. There are other times when we must act with dispatch. A good commander must learn to do both."

By this time Tom Calvert was going far towards making up for his short rest. The count's party were apparently taking their time and enjoying themselves on the road. The day gave promise of being a bright one and the warm moist smell of the grass and flowers was over all. Breasting a rise, Tom could see the steeples and spires of London before him with the snake-like Thames running in between. In the dip in front he spotted a party trotting leisurely along the road.

"My friend the count an I mistake not" he said with satisfaction.

Without pressing his horse unduly the captain was able to draw up abreast of the count not far from the gates of London.

"Is Count de Sweine of your party gentlemen?" asked the captain courteously.

"I am he" said the count reining in his horse and subjecting him to a hawk-like scrutiny, "but what business have you with me, sir?"

"But to inquired after your highness' health, that is all" replied the captain blandly.

"My health? What have you to do with my health?" said the count, annoyed and puzzled.

"I had the thought that the night air of Clarence might have induced a chill. If you will do me the honor it will be my endeavor to transfer your charming figure to a warmer climate. Draw, you dog, or I'll run you through where you sit. It is no boy you have to murder now."

Both men sprang to the ground. The count's friends did likewise, exchanging glances as they did so. But before the two could engage, however, a clatter of hoofs was heard and two horsemen rode in between and struck up their swords.

"The admiral's commands, Tom" explained Captain Walker smilingly to the captain. In more formal tones he turned to the count, "Admiral Sir Francis Drake sends his compliments and expresses the desire to be present when Count de Sweine engages. He follows close behind me."

A coach came racing up and the admiral, a short stocky figure with a pointed beard, alighted. The count advanced, breathing heavily.

"Sir, I would have you understand that I have been insulted and challenged by this officer of yours on the open highway. This has now become an affair of honor and I demand satisfaction."

"The admiral eyed him coolly from head to foot, with a faint smile on his lips.

"That you shall have, Count. We have met before if I mistake not, but under more southern skies were they not? 'Tis those memories which made me hurry forward to satisfy a slight whim of mine, which I feel you will not fail to grant. It is that the fight take place just within the walls of London town. There, with Captain Calvert properly seconded, we may spend a pleasant half hour. Come, what say you? It is but a small thing you do in return for satisfaction, eh?

"Your whim or your reference to meeting before I do not understand" said the count, "but have your way an it please you. 'Tis but a step after all and will at least give the fool time to say his prayers."

Bowing slightly, the admiral stood aside

and motioned to Captain Calvert to proceed. Leading their horses, the party entered the gates of London.

Barely inside they found their way blocked by a company of soldiers who surrounded the party. The admiral, who had been recognized, waited inside, apparently enjoying the scene.

The officer in charge of the soldiers commanded the gentlemen of the party to hand over their swords for measurement. The count, protesting loudly, had a proclamation on the wall pointed out to him which bore the Queen's seal.

"It is the Queen's orders, gentlemen, which you may read for yourselves" explained the officer "and which concerns all. The murder of certain of her court by bravos and foreigners, by virtue of swords of greater length, has resulted in the Queen issuing orders that all persons entering the gates of London shall submit their weapons for measurement, and any found to be of greater length than the English yard shall be cut."

The count turned like a trapped animal, only to find himself between two soldiers who promptly relieved him of his sword. This was measured; found to be a good 4 feet in length; was laid on the anvil and docked by the smith, who was on duty for that purpose, and was then returned to the count. The remainder of the party were forced to submit to the same treatment and all weapons over a yard in length were cut. The travellers were then allowed to proceed.

Meanwhile the admiral's party took up rather a significant position in rear of the count and his friends. Captain Calvert stepping forward asked permission of the admiral to proceed with the duel.

"Ah faith, captain, 'tis what I came here for, but not to see you murdered. In future be not so hasty in sneaking out back doors when you see your admiral coming. 'Twas vastly interesting, my friend, to see the haste with which you saddled your steed."

Reddening a little, Tom explained. "I crave your pardon, sir, but a good friend of mine, Jack Hawkins, has been murdered, I fear, by this scoundrel and I feared to incur your displeasure by fighting."

"Art doubly forgiven, captain, if you but trounce this man. We have met before and under just as unpleasant circumstances. 'Twas him that put young Broke to the torture in the Indies if I mistake not. Go captain, your duty is clear, and may God be with you."

Seconds were appointed, and in an adjoining common the count and Tom Calvert crossed swords. The fight was short and sharp. The count, livid with fear, put up a good fight, but was no match for his antagonist on equal terms. A finished swordsman, the captain made short work of him, running him through the heart within a few minutes after engaging.

The count's friends bore his body off the field as Tom turned to receive the congratulations of his friends.

Unnoticed, a coach entered the gates and was directed by the guards to where the party stood. A girl got out and ran forward calling on Tom. The captain turned, saw her and caught her in his arms before them all.

"Oh Tom, Tom, tell me you are unhurt" sobbed Mary, for such it was.

"Very much alive, Mary, thanks to a good spirit that has served me well. The count, Mary, is dead. Am I again in your favor?"

"Tom, I spoke words which I ask you to forgive, but I was sore wrought. I knew not of the count's sword, and well nigh died of fear when I heard. 'Tis for that that I came here hoping I would be in time to prevent it all."

"I have nothing to forgive and your ill

humor was to be expected. But have you no news of Jack? Is his body found?"

"Found, and he will, if the leeches speak truly, yet live. I left him in good hands but I must return as soon as I may. It was only my dread for you that brought me away.

"Now heaven be praised", cried Tom, "England cannot afford to lose lads like him. What of your black butterflies now, sweetheart? Is there not but the clear sky remaining as I had said?

"A clear sky in truth, dear, and the black butterflies but shadows of greater things than we know. But come, Tom, I think we forget your friends."

"Mind us not, madam, as I can well forgive you" smilingly said the admiral, "The scene has been a pretty one, but it looks, captain, as if there was more to this than you have told me. Come, present me to the young lady who has caused a captain of my fleet to strike his colors."

A trifle embarrassed now, Tom did so. "This, sir, is Mistress Hawkins, and this, Mary, is Amiral Drake, the good spirit of whom I spoke and whose name you know so well."

"'Twas but my management, Mistress Hawkins," said the admiral, "'Tis to good Queen Bess who is ever watchful for her nation's interests that you must turn. When next you are in London I'll see to it that you have the opportunity to thank her in person. But I must away, I have business at court that will not brook delay. Till next we meet, fare ye well and a sailor's blessing on you both, but see to it captain that you essay out on the Queen's highway no more for the Love of a Lady!"

Do You Know How Your Magazine Is Printed?

It is rather surprising, considering the number of people who read magazines, how little they know of the details required before such periodicals are produced. It was this fact which led me to the publishers of the Macdonald College Magazine, to try to satisfy myself as to the intricacies of the compilation of the "printed word". After explaining my mission, the Superintendent of the printing department, from whom I was to get the information I was seeking, kindly offered to show me around and while doing so enlighten me as to the working of the various machines employed.

He meant business from the start, and at once led me to what he called the stock room. In this room large supplies of paper were stored in neat piles, while some paper was in large massive rolls. Pointing to a considerable quantity of paper in one corner of the room the Superintendent laughingly said, "That pile in the corner is Macdonald College Magazine Stock." "Stock," I said, "why do you use this term?" He then explained that the paper was bought and classified by the word "stock", such as: Newsprint, for newspapers; bookstock, for books; and coated stock, a paper chiefly used for high class magazines. The paper for our magazine is in flat sheets about 28" wide and 42" long, and is a glossy paper of medium quality.

I was led next to what is called the composing room. Here the type is produced and placed in forms ready to be printed. When the reading matter is sent in from the editor it is handed over to a linotype operator, and on the linotype machine it is "set up". This machine resembles a

huge typewriter, and as the name implies, produces a line of type in one piece. To watch the workings of it was, to say the least, wonderful. The operator simply touched the desired keys, which released brass pieces, called dies or matrices, from a large case overhead. These matrices fell into a channel and when the line was complete the operator raised a lever which shot the line into the inside workings of the machine. The Superintendent then told me how the type came out of the machine complete. He said that when the line of matrices, all lettered, went inside they came in contact with molten metal, which is pumped through a mold the required thickness and height of the type required. The solid line of type is then deposited on a detachable tray, whilst the used matrices are distributed in their respective channels in the case overhead, to be used over and over again.

When all the reading matter is set, a proof is taken and read by a proof-reader, and any errors made necessitate the whole line having to be reset. Following the heels of the Superintendent, my attention was drawn to many large cabinets of single-letter type cases, each cabinet containing different designs and sizes.

I was here introduced to a compositor, whose business it is to make up the "adds" or advertisements. I can picture him now dodging about the case, one hand picking up type, and the other holding a "Stick," into which he was literally shoving the type. I believe it would have taken me an hour to make up my own name, yet the man was making up line after line in no time at all.

I asked the compositor how he read the letters so quickly, they appearing to me up-side down. "I've been doing this for twenty-five years," he said, "and I guess you would be able to do the same if you had been at it so long." Perhaps so, but to look at him I thought to myself I would never learn to handle type like that in a hundred years.

From the corrected proofs a "dummy" magazine is then made up by the editor of the magazine. From this "dummy" a man arranges the type into pages. This printer, by the way, is called a "make up" man. The superintendent informed me that each page was not printed singly but at the rate of sixteen pages at a time. The pages were arranged in an iron frame called a "chase" in such a manner that when the sheet was printed and folded the pages would number consecutively.

At this point the boss was interrupted by a "devil" who had a sheet of printed paper in his hand. Being out to learn as much as I could of a printing plant I inquired as to what stage the magazine had reached when in the form which he had. He replied that we would come to the stage on our travels and with this I had to be content.

In a short time he took me to what he called the Pressroom and now I could see where the large iron frames came in. These weighty things were placed on an iron bed at the front end of a large press, which the superintendent called a cylinder press, presumably because of the large rotating cylinder present. The working of this machine, though intricate, appeared very simple. The ink was placed in a fountain behind, from which large rollers distributed it over the face of the type. The revolving cylinder, previously mentioned, carried the paper across the face of the inked type, thus causing the sheet to be printed on one side. The sheet is automatically released from the drum and is discharged into a holder at the back of the press. The reverse side is printed in a similar manner.

Thirty-two pages of the magazine are now printed, which, I was informed, was called a section. "As your magazine com-

prises ninety-six pages," the superintendent explained, "It takes three of these sections to complete it."

The last stage of the process of magazine making is carried on in what is known as the "Bindery". First, the sheets pass to a folding machine, which automatically feeds and folds them. The sections are there gathered together and taken to wonderful little machine, where they are stitched by wire.

At this point everything is complete but the cover. This cover has in the meantime been printed similarly to the inside sections, and it is fastened to the magazine with the aid of glue.

The magazine is complete but how ragged it looks! To remedy this the cutting machine is brought into action. This trims the top, bottom and sides. The finished magazine is the result.

As we were watching the cutting machine work and looking at the finished product, the superintendent asked me if I was satisfied as to how the magazine was produced. I replied in the affirmative, but that I had but one more question to ask.

What I wanted to know was whether printing was a paying business, in view of the fact that the processes involved so much skilled labour and such intricate machinery.

To this question, however, he made no reply with the exception of a board smile, and I would still be in the dark if it were not for the information I since secured from an advertising salesman.

T. A.

Clothes And The Uneducated Black

What civilization has done.

When our progenitors, Adam and Eve, partook of the fruit of the tree of knowledge and became "as the Gods, knowing good and evil," their first action was to sew together fig leaves to make themselves garments. From that day to this dress has played an important part in the lives of men, and through its various phases we can trace much of the history and development of mankind. We are all of us more or less prone to judge our fellow men and women by what they wear, and though in many cases this is neither right nor fair, still to a certain extent clothes are an indication of character.

Those who are interested in the development of the colored races have in Georgetown, Demerara, an excellent opportunity of comparing two types, the East Indian coolie, and the West Indian black creole. The East Indian has behind him the traditions and customs of his own ancient race, while the West Indian colored creole, the freed descendant of the African negro slave, is the hybrid product of our Western civilization.

It might be illuminating to apply to these two types the test of clothing, and see how they compare.

The writer has in mind two pictures. The first is that of a Sugar Estate on pay day, Saturday afternoon, during "Taga," the East Indian holiday and festival season A great throng of people, men, women, and children, have gathered together for the important event. All the women are wearing new silk "saris," and all the men gay colored turbans, and the scene represents a vast kaleidoscope, revealing every possible hue and tint as the crowd incessantly shifts and changes. The whole makes a never-to-be-forgotten feast of color, a scene of dazzling beauty.

Picking out an individual family we have the most picturesque group imaginable. The brilliant colors of the woman's "sari" set off to perefction her brown skin and dark eyes. The nose-ring and the many arm and ankle bangles are all in keeping with the picture; so is the man with snowy linen, black coat and gay turban, and the children, tiny replicas of their parents. No European could wear such colors without becoming grotesque, but the Indian woman knows just what suits her.

Take a similar group of black creoles in Georgetown's famous promenade, the "Sea Beach." The women are in satin and crêpe-de-chine, cut, as they fondly believe, in the latest fashion—black skin and blue ribbons showing through the elegant corsage—with high heeled shoes and silk stockings, their faces blue with powder and a trail of cheap scent following them as they mince along. The children are starched and befrilled and supremely uncomfortable, while the men are resplendent in American tailored suits, white-topped shoes with broad laces, the gaudiest of socks and ties, and the latest thing in Homburg hats crowning their profusely oiled hair. This is the contrast Western civilization has fostered, cultured and developed in recent years.

Again the East Indian has a profound respect for the white man, and in Eastern countries it is considered as an insult for a native to enter a white man's house with his head uncovered or shoes on his feet.

But the creole has been educated. He reads the newspapers and belongs to a Labor Union, and for his recreation he goes to the pictures where he sees the white man held up to scorn as a murderer, thief or drunkard. He knows that he is just as good as anyone else, and one of the first things his education has taught him is that it is undignified for him to go barefooted. No matter how poor he is he must be shod. It does not matter if the footgear consists of only a few tattered shreds useless for any practical purpose, and it is no uncommon sight to see a ragged woman stumbling down the street in a pair of dirty white kid boots without laces, the high heels worn to such an angle that she can hardly stand, let alone walk, or to see some old negress shuffling along with a canvas shoe on one foot, and a man's leather boot, several sizes too large, on the other.

Already the creole has completely lost the graceful carriage that is the birthright of native races. Some of the people drag their feet to such an extent that they do not raise them the fraction of an inch from the ground as they walk.

A few of the older inhabitants who have not learned modern ways are picturesque enough in their upright swinging walk and gaily-checked cottons and bright handherchiefs, knotted turban-wise round the head, but in the main the Georgetown creole, with his tawdry imitation of European style, is an unlovely object.

So much, then, for the effect of Western civilization upon the creole as regards dress. It is but one small matter, but it might be interesting to carry the investigation farther, and to see in other respects what we have made of the people upon whose minds we have set the imprint of our civilization and knowledge.

Lancelot Rolleston.

THE MACDONALD COLLEGE MAGAZINE

"Mastery for Service"

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EDITORIAL

It has been said by them of old time that all good things must come to an end and so must our college year. As we look back, we seem to see again the many hard fought battles in the sports field and in the gymnasium, the many jolly social gatherings and the many hard earned victories over those stubborn problems in Chemistry or Physics. Those who are leaving for good are sorry and glad at the same time; sorry, because of the many friends from both sides of the campus from whom they must part, perhaps, never to meet again, and because of the happy associations connected with their stay, but glad, because they are about to put into practice the motto of their college, Mastery for Service, and to show the world that Macdonald's trust and pride in her sons and daughters are not misplaced. To them we express our appreciation of the excellent example they have set to the rest of us while here, of their earnest efforts to uphold the good name

and high standing of the college at all times, and extend to them our sincerest wishes for their success in the future.

* * *

The past year has been a most successful one from every point of view, and represents another high-water mark in the history of the college. There have been no brilliant achievements nor startling results obtained, but the whole atmosphere of the college breathes a greater feeling of earnestness of purpose and mutual goodfellowship than ever before.

Take athletics, for instance. We have won no cups, it is true, in our league games, but who can deny the enthusiasm and keenness shown by the players?

The House Committee has done its duties well, and the residence has been more peaceful than it had been in previous years and there have been fewer complaints from the powers that be.

The activities of the Literary Society have been many and varied. Debating was the outstanding feature, but we must not forget the Public Speaking and Elocutionary contests, both of which were well supported. Last but not least was the concert given by the Apollo Glee Club and which proved as popular as such a high class entertainment would naturally be. During the year, Mr. Musgrove gave several organ recitals which were very much appreciated by those who heard them. On various occasions, too, there have been choir singing, selections by the college orchestra and other forms of musical entertainment.

Our social activities have been entered into with zest on all occasions. The quality of these have been steadily improved, much praise being due Mr. Brighton and his committee for their untiring efforts. A novel and highly successful feature was the Hobo Party into the spirit of which everyone seemed to enter. We think a few more impromptu affairs like this would do much to maintain a feeling of comradeship among the students in both residences. The Christian Association have helped this idea along by a series of sing-songs in the foyer of the Women's Residence, in which the singing of popular hymns before a blazing log fire was featured. On several occasions, too, popular speakers were invited to address the students.

* * *

Two years ago, it was decided that all students entering the four year course must be of Matriculation standing before they could come in. Naturally this struck a hard blow against those who were capable in every way of taking the course, but who had never had the opportunity of matriculating. To remedy this, a modification in the entrance requirements has been decided on. In future those who have shown practical ability but do not possess their matric may be admitted provided they secure the necessary standing before entering their third year. As a result of this change, we ought to see an increase in the number of freshmen next year. Each change usually means another step forward, a fact which has been proved so often in the past, and what was good for our grandfathers is not necessarily good for us.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the World."

Advertising

Advertising benefits three classes of people.

First, The man who has goods or services for sale and who wants the Public to know it.

Second. You and me — the buying Public. Those among us who buy blindly, without reference to the source of our purchases, certainly do not in every case receive the best value for the money we spend.

Third. The publication in which the advertisements appear. Upon the advertising we carry depends the success of this magazine.

An Advertisers' Index appears in this issue. By reference to the back part of future magazines you will always find it.

Reader! This Index is for your convenience. By reference to it you can locate the merchants in whose stores you will obtain the best value for your money. By patronizing these advertisers you will encourage them to continue their advertising in your magazine.

Don't forget to mention to merchants from whom you are buying that you saw their advertisement in the Macdonald College Magazine. By mentioning that important fact you will not receive any less careful attention.

The Fire-Bug and The East Wind

"It's time to hit the trail again,"
The careless camper said,
And left his little fire ablaze
Within its leafy bed.

"I'll light another cigarette,"
The idle loafer said,
And chucked his old 'snipe' in the brush,
One end still glowing red.

"Good time to fire my slashing now,"
The thoughtless rancher said,
And touched it off without a thought
Of how far it might spread.

"I think I'll blow an hour or two,"
The restless east wind said,
Then liked it so he changed his mind
And blew a week instead.

"Millions in lives and timber lost,"
The newspapers next said,
What made those fires all start at once,
We wondered as we read.

"It wasn't us, it was that wind,"
The fools in chorus said.
So they're alive and loose this year.
—We hope the wind is dead.

—E. T. Allen.

-·- Our Wider Interest -·-

Edited by T. E. McOuat.

Dear Boys and Girls,

I am putting in this section a short description of the cotton plant and the different things which happen to the cotton before it is made into cloth. I thought this might interest you, but if you do not like it write and say so. We want to please you, so write and let us know what you would like. How did you like the poem in our last number, written by a little girl from Markham, Ontario? Perhaps some of you can write a better one; then do so and send it in to me and I'll try to put it in our next number.

I wish you all a very pleasant summer, and hope you will have heaps of fun, and each win a prize at your School Fair.

The Editor.

Cotton

You boys and girls are always glad when summer comes round and you are no longer obliged to wear heavy woolen clothing but change to cool, light garments made of cotton. You are all familiar, too, with the reels of thread of many colours and shades which your mother and sisters use for sewing and mending these same cotton garments. No doubt you have often wondered what cotton was and where it came from. Well, I will try to give you some information about it.

In the first place it is obtained from the cotton plant which grows only in the warmer parts of the world, notably in the Southern United States, Egypt, Mexico, and the West Indies. The seeds are planted, as you would if you were growing, in rows, and soon throws up a young shoot above the ground. When the plants are three or four feet high, many pretty yellow or pinkish flowers appear on the branches, and each of these develops in a few weeks into a pod called a "boll" and shaped rather like a squat flask. When these pods or bolls become ripe, they burst open, showing several compartments containing a fluffy mass of cotton fibres. This raw cotton is picked by hand by a large number of labourers, usually women and children. You have to be very careful not to get any dried leaves mixed with the fibre, as they break into little pieces which are very hard to remove. Each person is provided with a cloth bag to put his or her cotton in, as they are usually paid so much a pound (1 cent or over) for picking and cleaning. In the afternoon each person's cotton is weighed, and then it has to be cleaned by removing bits of straw, twigs, etc., after which it is packed in bags holding 100 lbs. or over, and sent to the factory to remove the

seeds. This process is called "ginning," and consists in passing the cotton through smooth rollers. The fibre passes through, but the seeds, being too large, fall through an opening where they are collected. Some of them are kept as seed for next year's crop, while the rest are crushed. From the crushed seeds, cotton seed oil is extracted while the solid material is sold as a feed for cattle and is known as cotton seed meal. Meanwhile, the fibre which has passed through the rollers, is made into rectangular packages, called 'bales,' and shipped to the cotton mills to be made into cloth, thread, etc.

First of all the cotton is cleaned again, these the fibres are separated and made into long threads, which are finally made into cloth by means of very complicated machinery. The largest cotton mills are in Lancashire, England, so you see the cotton has to travel a very long way and go through a large number of processes from the time it is taken from the plant to the time your mother buys it from the store to make it into clothes which is another process for it to go through. If a bit of your cotton handkerchief could talk, it would have quite an interesting story to tell, wouldn't it?

Macdonald High School

A review of the year's activities shows an over increasing amount of interest being taken in the various departments by the pupils.

A well organized athletic association has been doing good work all year. The upper grades had several debates each of which was interesting. The school library is only in its prime and is already much appreciated by the pupils. The formation of a Parent Teachers' Association has filled a long felt need for a closer understanding between the parents and teachers.

Boys' athletics have been carried on since the fall. Both Juniors and Seniors played in the Intersuburban Rugby League. All league games were lost, but with one exception, by close scores. The Juniors made a good stand in the hockey league and more than held their own. A school bush league gave most of the boys an opportunity of getting into the game. In basketball the Juniors played Westmount "Y" several times getting an even break on the games. Next year the Junior team will be a strong one as practically all the boys are still eligible to play junior. The Seniors played games with the Freshmen and did well. Now that spring is here, baseball and track have full sway. The Sports' Day is May 20th and the Interscholastic is on the 27th. This will be a fitting close to a successful athletic season.

This season has shown a marked advance in Girls' Athletics. Previous to this year the only sports in which the girls participated were baseball and a little basketball. This year's baseball team has been a good one and many games have been played. The loss of Edith Ritchie who is an excellent catcher has been keenly felt. We hope that Edith will be able to play next year. As soon as the ice was suitable hockey was played. Mr. McGreer kindly coached the team. After numerous practices the team played and beat the College 1—0. On the 4th of May, a gymnastic demonstration was given. This was the first event of that nature ever put on in the school. The College held a swimming meet in which several school girls entered several winning places.

A girls' sports' day is aranged for the 19th of May—and indications are that it will be successful.

With the help of the Women's Club of St. Annes a good School Library has been established and pupils have now the advantage of reading modern as well as classical literature, suitable for all ages. Acting librarians for this year are Arthur Hansen and Isabel Innes.

With the organization of the Parent Teachers' Association, coupled with the other school associations, we may well look forward to even better things than we have experienced in the past.

Trees

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God
There were goodly trees in the spring-time sod—

Trees of beauty and height and grace
To stand in splendor before His face.

Apple and hickory, ash and pear,
Oak and beech and the tulip rare.

The trembling aspen, the noble pine,
The sweeping elm by the river line;

Trees for the birds to build in and sing,
And the lilac tree for a joy in spring.

Trees to turn at the frosty call
And carpet the ground for their Lord's footfall;

Wood for the bow, the spear and the flail.
The keel and the mast and the daring sail;

He made them of every grain and girth
For the use of man in the Garden of Earth.

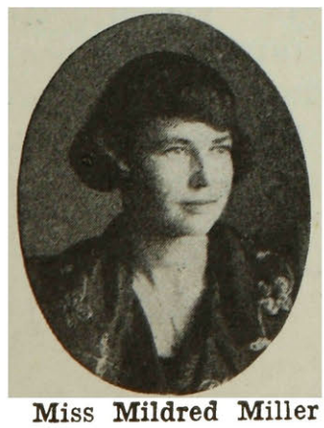
Then, lest the soul should not lift her eyes
From the gift to the Giver of Paradise

On the crown of a hill, for all to see,
God planted a scarlet maple tree.

—*Bliss Carmen.*

PRESIDENTS OF THE TEACHERS

Model Class



Miss Mildred Miller

Spring Elementary Class

Miss Isobel Dowling

The Graduating Class in Agriculture

HAROLD K. BATE

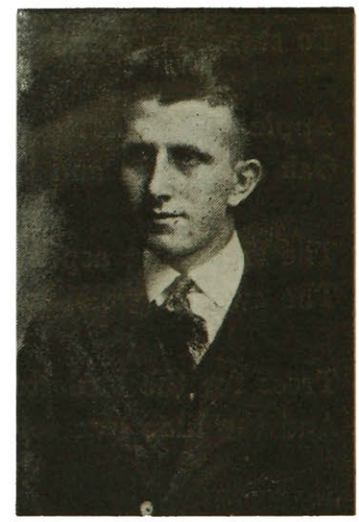
"A woman is only a woman but a full pipe is a smoke".

Born 1899, Newcastle, N. B. Harkin's Academy, Newcastle. Lord Beaverbrook Scholarship. Honorary Diploma N.S.A.C. 1916. Overseas 1917, 38th. Battalion C. E. F. Entered Macdonald 1920. Magazine Board 1920-21. Class debater 1921-22. College rugby.

Option:—Animal Husbandry.

Favourite expression:—"Let's go and have a smoke".

Pastime:—Contemplating marriage.



J. L. A. BEAUDIN

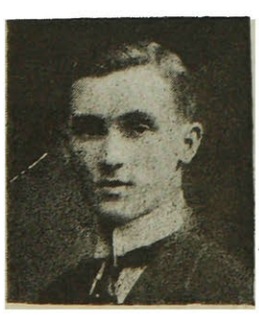
"For they can conquer who believe they can".

Born 1900, Russeltown, Que. Russeltown primary school. Ormstown Academy 1918. Entered Macdonald with Class '22, 1918. College Hockey 1918-1922. Class baseball 1918-1921.

Option: Animal Husbandry.

Favourite expression: "Hey there"!

Pastime:—Going the rounds.



J. STEWART BUCHANAN ("Buckie").

"Innocence is always unsuspicious, for they that know no evil will suspect none".

Born 1897, Montreal. Westmount High School 1915. Entered Macdonald 1916. Vice-Pres. Athletic Association and Y.M.C.A. 1919-20. Enlisted R.N.C.V.R. Secy-Treas. Lit. 1919-20. Class debater 1916. Mag. Board 1920. College Hockey and Baseball, Class. Basketball and Hockey Delegate to Des Moines Conference.

Option:—Horticulture.

Favorite expression:—"Did you see the latest... it's a peach".

Pastime:—Mixing them on the ukelele.

STEPHANE BOILY ("Steve").

"His ways are ways of pleasantness".

Born 1896, Ste. Famille, Ile d'Orléans, Que. St. Joseph College, Quebec City; Roberval Academy, Lac St. Jean, Que.; Laval Normal School, Montreal. Entered Macdoonald with Class '20, 1916. Overseas 1st. Tank Battalion, 1918. Instructor Khaki University, England. Re-entered Macdonald with Class '22, 1920. College and class hockey teams. Hockey team Manager 1917-18 and 1920-21. Rink Manager 1917-18. Athletic Executive 1917-18 and 1920-21. Magazine Board 1917-18.

Option: Animal Husbandry.

Favourite expression:—"You... Son of Ireland".

Pastime:—Chasing the puck.

HAROLD W. CLAY ("Mud").

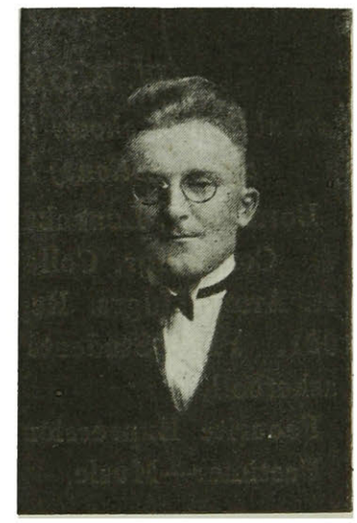
"A man's best fortune is his wife".

Born 1895, Bridgetown, P.E.I. Bridgetown School. Prince of Wales College 1915. Enlisted 11th. Am. Column 1916. Teaching profession P.E.I. and Alberta. Honorary Diploma N.S.A.C. 1920. Entered Macdonald 1920. Married 1921. Bus. Manager Mag. Board 1920-21. Secy. Live Stock Club 1921-22. Chicago Stock Judging Team.

Option:—Animal Husbandry.

Favorit expression: — "My God I'm sick".

Pastime:—Slinging it to the Winter Course.



CHARLES McK. COLLINS.

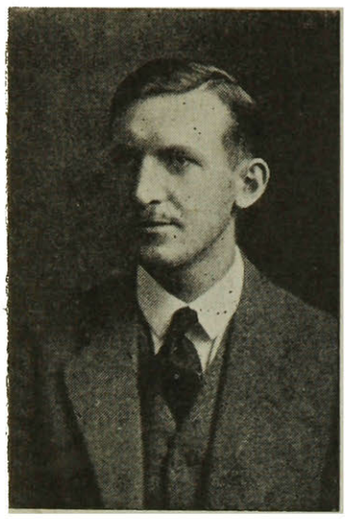
"Good nature and good sense were ever joined".

Born 1897, Port Williams, N.S. Wolfeville High, Acadia College, Truro, 1917. Entered Macdonald 1920. Mag. Board 1920-21. College Rugby and Hockey. Class Baseball and Hockey.

Option:—Selective.

Favourite expression:—(Ed. Note). We asked *her* but she would'nt tell us.

Pastime: Long walks — but not alone.



FRANKLIN W. DOHERTY.

"Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth".

Born 1897, Montreal, Que. Commercial and Technical 1914. Entered Macdonald 1915. Class debater 1915. Class Pres. 1916. Overseas, commission in R. F.C. R.A.F. Re-entered in 1919 with Class '21. Mag. Board 1919-20. Dropped out for 1920-21. Re-entered 1921 with Class '22. Secy. Students' Council 1921-22. Pres Residence Committee 1921-22. College Rugby, Class Basketball and Hockey.

Option:—Horticulture.

Favourite expression:—"Hello, Willie".

Pastime:—Weird music.

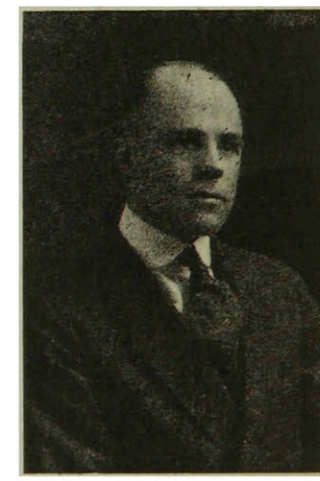
W. B. GERHARDT ("Bill").

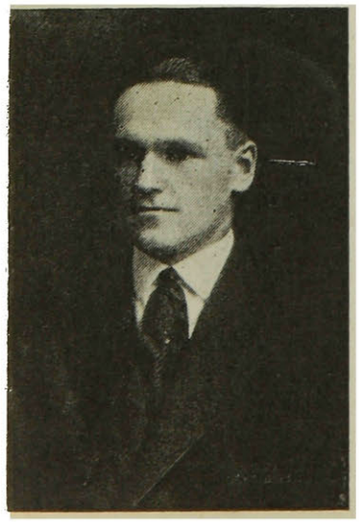
"An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid".

Born 1897, Lunenburg, N.S. Bacon Academy, 1910-14. Conn. Agr. College, 1914-16. Overseas, 1916-18, 1st. Army Hdgrs. Regt., A.E.F. Entered Macdonald, 1921. Pres. Students' Christian Association. Class basketball.

Faourite Expression:—"Say, fellows".

Pastime:—Music.





W. L. GORDON ("Gordie").

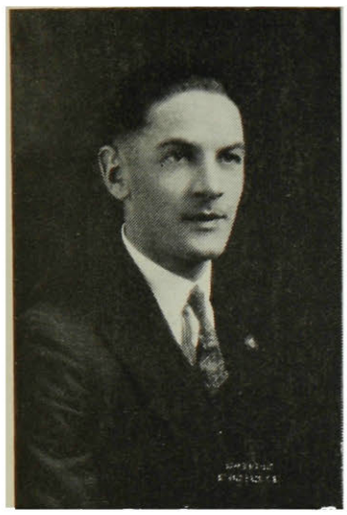
"A dark man is a jewel in a fair woman's eye".

Born 1901, Lachute, Que. Lachute Academy. Macdonald 1918-22. Magazine Board 1921.

Option:—Plant Pathology.

Favourite expression:—"Gee! It's a great day for fussing!"

Pastime:—Looking for Alg-ae.

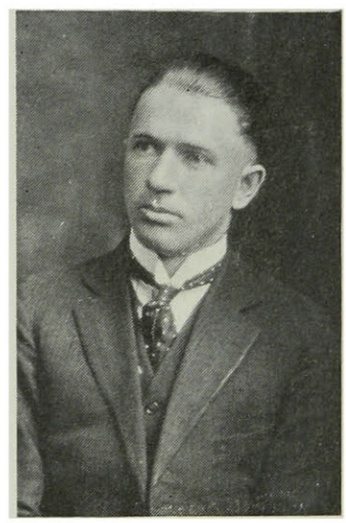


JAMES W. GRAHAM ("Jim").

"Keeps his course, does his duty
Cleaves to friends and toeth beauty".

Born 1893, Ormstown, Que. Ormstown Academy 1910. Entered Macdonald 1915. Overseas 1916, 45th C.F.A. Re-entered Macdonald with Class '22 in 1919. Class Prsident, Sophomore and Junior Years. Class debater Junior and Senior Years. Thrice winner of Individual Trophy for Outdoor Sports. College rugby and basketball. Class basketball and baseball. Secy. Students' Council 1920-21. President Student's Council 1921-22. Chicago Stock Judging Team — High man —

Option:—Animal Husbandry.
Favourite expression:—Ab-so-lutely.
Pastime:—Looking *'em* over.

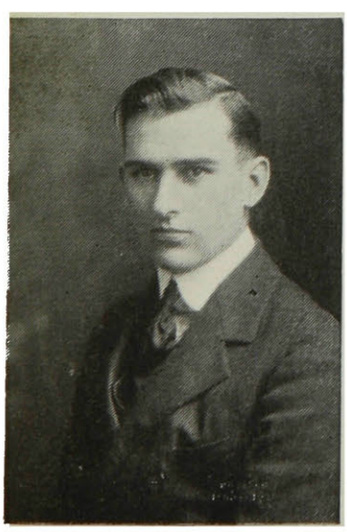


G. H. HAMMOND ("Hammy").

"Shy, full of learning and with modesty in expression."

Born 1900, Ottawa, Ont. Silver Medal Aylmer Academy, 1916. Dept. of Interior, 1916-18. Macdonald 1918. Class baseball and basketball. Pres. Biology Club, 1921-22.

Option:—Entomology.
Favourite expression:—"Say, she's a nifty dame!"
Pastime:—Chasing butterflies.



O. W. LACHAINE ("Ozzie")

"He would shake hands with the King upon his throne and think it an honor to His Majesty".

Born 1897, Orleans, Ont. Orleans Academy. Matriculated Ottawa University, May 1917. College rugby. Class baseball and Hockey. Overseas C.T.C.

Option:—Plant Pathology.
Favourite expression:—"Do not heat between meals".
Pastime:—Searching for Sclerotia.

ERIC D. McGREER ("Maggie").

"Not blessed with any particular luck, just steady and earnest and full of pluck."

Born 1896. Montreal. Mount Royal School. Commercial and Technical High School. Montreal, 1915. Entered Macdonald with Class '20. 1916. Overseas, 10th. Canadian Siege Battery, 1917. Re-entered Macdonald with Class '22. 1919. Class debater — freshman, sophomore, junior and senior years. Class Literary President 1919-20. College Literary Society President 1920. Magazine Board 1919-20. Magazine Editor 1920-21. Students Council 1920-22. Class baseball. Chicago Stock Judging Team.

Option:—Animal Husbandry.

Favourite Expression:—"Sapree, who cut your hair?"

Pastime:—Rolling his own.

R. BRUCE NESS.

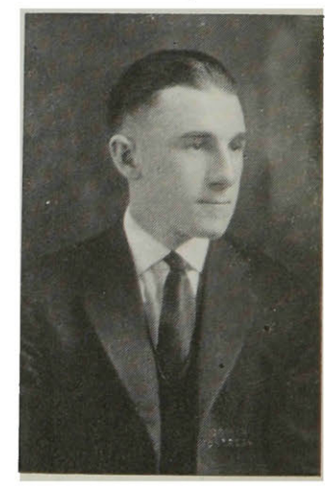
"For there's something in a Scotchman after all".

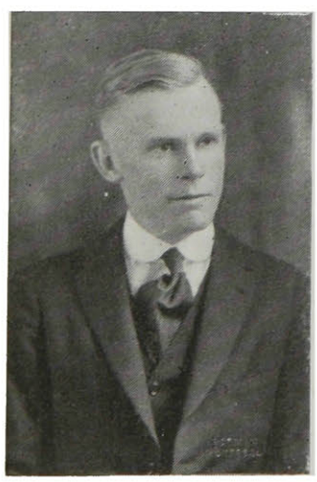
Born 1899, Howick, Que. Howick High. Entered Macdonald 1918. Vice-Pres. Live Stock Club 1920-21. Mag. Board 1920-21. Pres. Live Stock Club 1921-22. College Baseball and Hockey. Class Baseball and Hockey.

Option:—Animal Husbandry.

Favourite expression:—"Well, by gee!!"

Pastime:—Minding the baby.





E. F. S. SHEPHERD ("Shep").

"Only the efficient enjoy their work".

Born 1897. Antigua, B. W. I. St. Kitts-Nevis Grammar School. B. W. I., 1907-15. Govt. Laboratory for the Leeward Islands, 1916-17. Entered Macdonald, 1917. Overseas, Canadian Tank Corps. 1918. Re-entered Macdonald, 1919. Gov.-General's Medal, 1920. Frederick John Longworth Memorial Prize, 1920. Highest scholatic standing. Soph. and Junior years. Class debating team. 1921. Class baseball. 1920. 1921. Magazine Board. Pres. Class Lit. Junior and Senior years.

Option:—Plant Pathology.

Favourite expression:—"Holy old bald-headed!"

Pastime:—Laughing at other's stories.

C. T. SKINNER

"Oh, why should life all labor be?"

Born 1898, Yarker, Ont. Macdonald High School, 1914. P.P.C.L.I. (overseas), 1916-17. Macdonald, 1918. College Baseball. Class Baseball and Basketball. Pres. Horticulture Club, 1921-22.

Option:—Horticulture.

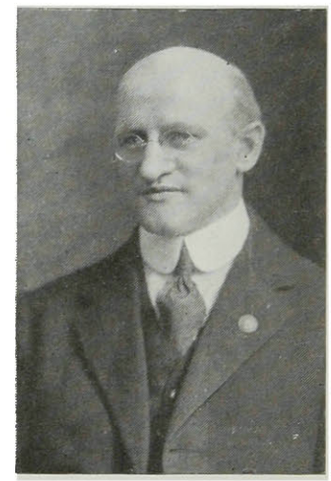
Favourite expression: "Let's go to bed..."

Pastime:—Voluntary inertia.

JOHN DOUGLAS SUTHERLAND ("Uncle")

"To beliee with certainty we must begin to doubt".

Born, Hamilton, Ont. Public School, Montreal. High School, Montreal. Macdonald, 1915. Enlisted, July, 1916. France, Nov. 1916. Demobilized, March, 1919. Re-entered Macdonald, 1919. Pres. Freshman Class. Class Secy-Treas. Soph., Junior and Senior years. Student's Council, 1915-16. Magazine Board, 1915, 1920, 1921, 1922. Manager and Coach, Rugby team, 1919-20. Manager Basketball team, 1919-20. Coach Basketball team, 1919-20. Y.M.C.A. Executive, 1915-16, 1919-20. Delegate Des Moines Conferences, 1919. Class basketball team and College Senior basketball team, Freshman, Soph., Junior and Senior years.



Option:—Horticulture.

Faourite expression:—(He whistles it) "I wonder, I wonder if she still cares for me!"

Pastime:—Making tea for the boys.

JOHN N. WELSH ("Mike").

"A restlessness of heart, a silent yearning".

Born 1894, Ottawa, Ont. St. Patricks School. Ottawa University. Entered Macdonald 1915 with Class '19. Pres. Ath. Association 1919. College Rugby, Baseball and Hockey. Mgr. Hockey Team. Class Baseball and Hockey.

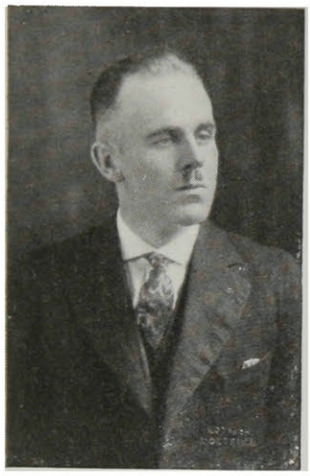
Option:—Cereal Husbandry.

Favorite expression:—"Oou Hoo" — You can't see me".

Pastime:—Living up to his reputation.

ROBERT W. TEMPLETON ("Wabbly Bill").

"A sweet child whose face shows all the innocence within"



Born 1897, Riverfield, Que. Riverfield Day School. Entered Macdonald Class '20, 1916. Overseas, Tank Battalion, 1918. Re-entered Macdonald Class '22, 1919. Class baseball and basketball, Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior years. Y.M.C.A. Executive 1916-17, 1919-20. Secretary Athletic Executive 1919-20. College baseball and basketball teams, Sophomore, Junior and Senior years. Captain basketball 1920-22. College rugby. President Athletic Association, 1920-21. Chicago Stock Judging Team. President, "Little National Show Sale".

Option:—Animal Husbandry.

Favourite expression:—"Ha! Ha! . . . Ha! Ha!"

Pastime:—Trimming the odd eyebrow.

JAMES McG. WINTER ("Jimmie".)

"Some to church repair; Not for the music but for the fair ones there".

Born 1901, Ormstown, Que. Ormstown Academy, 1917. Entered Macdonald 1918. Class Lit. 1918-19. Secy. Y.M.C.A. 1919-20. Treas. Ath. Assoc. 1921-22. Vice-Pres. S.C.A. 1921-22. Treas. Live Stock Club 1921-22. Magazine Board 1920-21. College Rugby, Baseball, Basketball and Hockey. Class Basketball, Baseball and Hockey. Chicago Live Stock Judging Team.

Option:—Animal Husbandry.

Favourite expression:—"How about it fellows?"

Pastime:—Trips to the Capital City.

Senior Administration Class

FRANCES LOUISE COLEMAN

"I'll say she looks as clear as
Morning roses washed with dew".

Cochrane, Alberta. Westborne School for Girls. Toronto, Mount Royal College, Calgary. Representative to House Committee 1920-21. Representative to Literary and Debating Society 1920-21. Secretary Girls Athletic Association 1921. President Girls Athletic Association 1922.

Favorite expression:—"Well, Dearie!"

Favorite Pastime:—Slamming "Slats".

JEAN CRAWFORD

"Worth, courage, honour, these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are".

St. Johns, Newfoundland, Bishop Spencer College, St. John's, Edgehill, Windsor, N.S., Macdonald College, Homemaker 1918-19, McGill (partial course) 1920-21. Treasurer Home Economics Club. Representative House Committee. Magazine Board Alumnae.

Favorite expression:—"My blessed mercies!"

Favorite pastime:—Making faces.

EMMA LOUISE McLEAN

"See true her heart
Sae smooth her speech
Her breath like cauler air
Her very foot has music in't
As she comes up the stair".

Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia, Sherbrooke High School, Mt. Allison Ladies College, Second Vice President Literary and Debating Society, Home Economics Representative.

Favorite Expression:—"Come on girls, a little more pep".

Favorite Pastime:—Playing the "uke".

MARJORIE HELEN JONES

"On one she smiled and he was blest"

Sudbury, Ontario, Sudbury High School. Secretary Home Economics Club 1920-21. Class Secretary 1921-22.

Favorite expression:—"My dear soul!"

Favorite pastime:—Trying to make connections with...

FLORENCE ESTHER LATIMER

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill".

Vernon, British Columbia. Penticton High School, Braemar Vancouver, Provincial Normal School, Vancouver. Section President 1920-21, Secretary House Committee, President House Committee, Representative to House Committee.

Favorite Expression:—"Oh! if I could only get my feet up".

Favorite Pastime:—Boosting B. C.

HELEN MARY MATHIESON

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant too to think on".

Georgetown, P.E.I. Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, Havergal Ladies College, Toronto. President Senior Administrator Class 1921-22.

Favorite expression: "Any letters?"

Favorite Pastime:—Swallowing chemicals in the lab.

FAITH MATHEWSON

"Is merry as the day is long".

Montreal, Quebec. Montreal High School, Trafalgar Institute, Macdonald Homemaker 1918-19, Notre Dame College, 1920, Royal Victoria College (partial Course) 1921. Second Vice President Student's Christian Association. Secretary Home Economics Club.

Favorite expression:—"Have some cake girls, this is my treat".

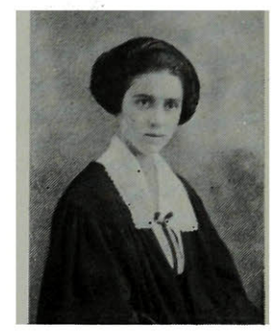
Favorite Pastime:—"Singing hymns".

Class Presidents

JEAN REYNER

President Third Year Household Science Class.

"Thou'rt full of love and honesty, and weigh'st thy words before thou givest them birth".



Montreal, Westmount High School, McGill University. Class President 1921-22. President House Committee 1922, Vice President Home Economics Club.

Favorite Expression:—"Do tell!"

Pastime:—Walking up the alley.

GRACE BUTLER YEATS

President Junior Administrator Class.

'Tis good to be merry and wise
'Tis good to be honest and true"

Toronto, Peterboro Collegiate Institute, High School, Sterling, Ontario.

Favorite Saying:—"Come on kids".

Favorite Pastime:—Making hats.

EVELYN MAY JONES

President Homemaker Class.

"She cannot check her girlish blush
Her colour comes and goes".

Halifax, Nova Scotia. Halifax Ladies College, Dalhousie University. Representative to Literary and Debating Society.

Favorite Expression:—"She aint good looking, but she's got good sense".

Favorite Pastime: "Fussing".

Juniors

Junior Administration

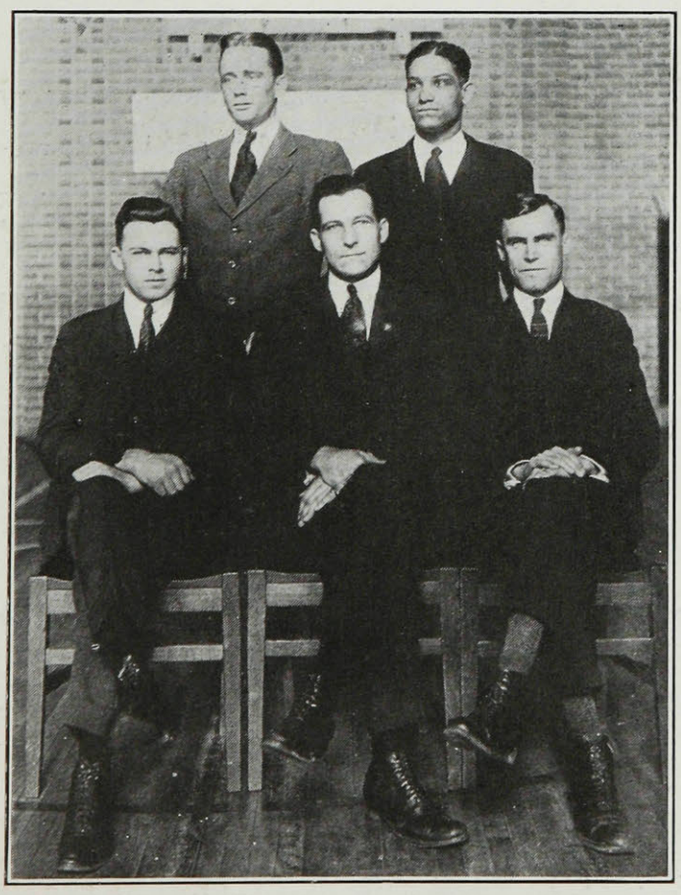
Homemakers

Freshmen

Elementary Teachers

Science Short Course

Kindergarten Class
Miss M. Morrow — Miss E. Lawson



Sophomores

"The Failure of Success"

To many people, the chief aim in life is to be "successful". I wonder what they mean by this general term, "successful".

A person may be successful from two points of view. There is the successful life according to the standards of God, and the successful life according to the standards of man; and it is seldom, if ever, that these two standards coincide. "No man can serve two masters", says the Bible, and it is equally true that no man can live two lives and be successful in both, for the aims, hopes, and methods of each are as different as night from day.

Many people whom we meet to-day are striving for worldly and material gain, gain in money, position, and power, and when they have accomplished this, they are looked up to, and spoken of as men who have been very successful. Whenever I meet or hear of such a person, I think of the "rich fool" in the parable, and I always feel like saying, "Thou fool, a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth".

The really successful man is he, who, when drawing near the evening of life can look back upon a life, not without trials and failures, it is true, but with failures more than repaid by the stores of beautiful thoughts, inspirations, and memories, which only a life of unselfish devotion to duty can give.

A man need not have boundless stores of wealth, to do good in the world. A kindly world of sympathy, or a warm pressure of the hand at the right moment, may be the means of soothing a breaking heart, or reclaiming a soul from destruction.

A person who can appreciate the beauties of nature, art, and music, and can store these impressions in his mind, has at all times a priceless possession which money cannot purchase. Whenever I meet a person who can watch a sunset without a sense of wonder and admiration, who can look upon a picture, such as the "Light of the World," without a feeling of awe and pity, or who can listen to an oratorio such as the "Messiah", without being

thrilled and moved by the harmony and beauty of the composition, I think of a story I once heard and have never forgotten.

Two men were journeying along the path of life. One man's idea of success was the accumulation of wealth, so he kept his eyes fixed on the road, regardless of the beauties of nature around him, intent on picking up any money that other travellers might have dropped. The other man kept his eyes and thoughts above the ground at his feet, and stored up memories of green fields and blue skies; happy memories that brightened his way. At the end of the journey the first man had accumulated much wealth, and the second had nothing tangible to show as a result of his life's journey. When asked to describe what each saw on the journey, the first man answered, "Mud," but the second replied, "The beauties of the sky, the fields, the mountains and the flowers are mine forever, a possession which money cannot buy and which cannot be taken away."

The life that is spent scheming and planning the best methods to "get rich quick", and advance in prestige and power, must fail in appreciating and realizing the better and more worthy aims and aspirations of life. It is success in one sense, but direct failure in the other.

Wordsworth expresses this thought admirably when he says:—

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little there is in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

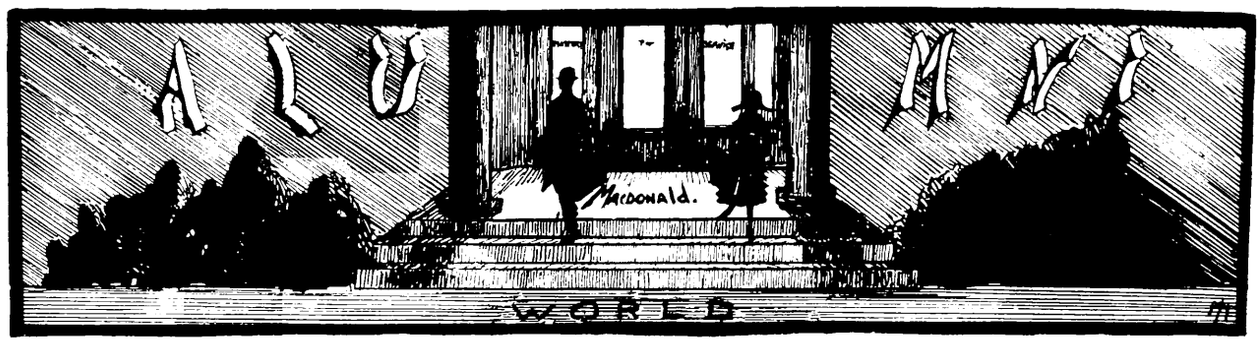
Spring Fever

Not exactly lazy—
Yet I want to sit
In the mornin' hazy
An' jest dream a bit.
Haven't got ambition
Fer a single thing—
Regaler condition
Ev'ry bloomin' Spring.

Want to sleep at noontime
(Ought to work instead),
But along at moontime
Hate to go to bed.
Find myself a-stealin'
Fer a sunny spot—
Jest that Springy feelin',
That is what I've got.

Like to set a-wishin'
Fer a pipe an' book,
Like to go a-fishin'
In a meadow-brook
With some fish deceiver,
Underneath a tree—
Jest the old Spring fever,
That's what's ailing me!

DOUGLAS MALLOCH,
The Lumberman Poet



Macdonald College Agricultural Alumni Association

A MACDONALD GRADUATE IN A NEW COUNTRY

As Field Supervisor under the Soldiers' Settlement Board my work for the past year has been in a district north of the City of Edmonton — from fifty to one hundred and twenty-five miles north. At present my headquarters are in the town of Athabasca, about one hundred miles north of Edmonton. This town in 1913 was in the midst of a great boom, promoted largely by oil prospects in the north. At that time natural gas was struck and was for some time used in lighting the town. Building started at a great rate, water and gas were piped throughout the town and a general plan for another Edmonton was under way. The place soon had a population of two thousand. However, the war hit speculation on the head and Athabasca went "broke". To-day the population is about three hundred and its existence depends largely upon the merits of the farming country around.

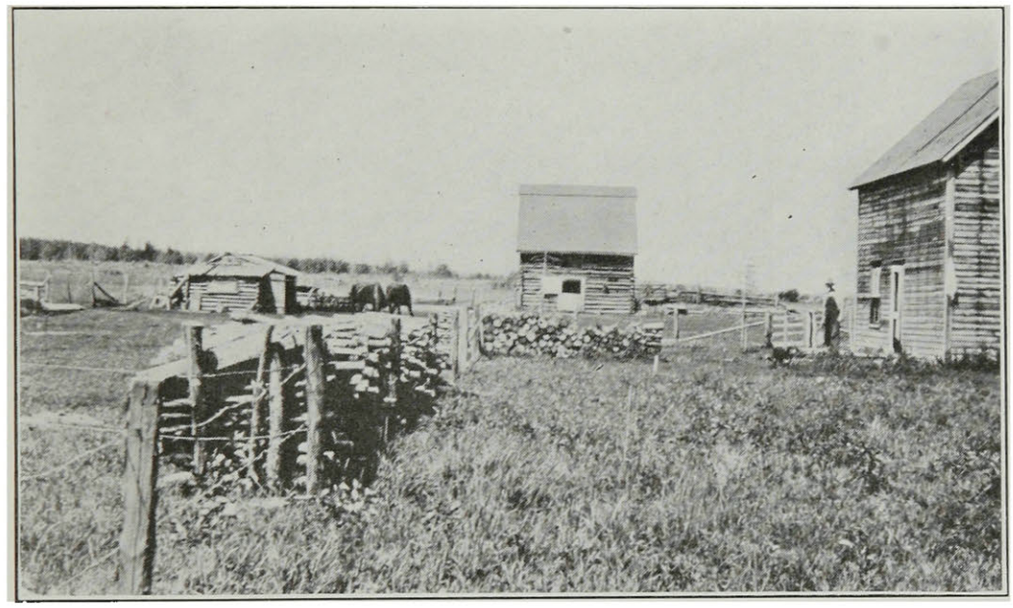
I think, if I started to give a description of the work which I have been carrying on in this north country, I might never stop. However, in general, it is assisting men to become established in farming. Farm management on an extended scale forms the basis of the work. In normal times this sort of work would be most encouraging in this new country, but under conditions to-day when agriculture is under quite a stress, its problems are most difficult. This is a pioneer country, however, and in the work there is always an added interest of new development work each year which we do not get in a well-established farming community.

Back in the east one usually imagines the west as all prairie country,—flat, open, where one can see for miles. Northern Alberta, however, is a different country entirely. It is known as the long grass country or the Park Belt — a country which is broken up into many formations of land. It has its areas of high land, low land, timber areas, prairie country,— in fact as much of a variety as one could expect to find. The soil varies greatly, as one travels north and south or east and west, from the finest of loams to the poorest of sands. There is much to be brought out as to agricultural information concerning this country in its development. As one travels about one finds many types of farming but it is rapidly developing that mixed farming is the type most effective. Crops grown are largely

wheat, oats and barley with cattle and hogs as important cash crops. All classes of roots do well and their culture is developing as is the growing of tame grasses. A clover which is being developed at the University of Alberta shows excellent prospects of developing better farming throughout this part of the province.

A word as to climatic conditions. At Edmonton and immediate localities we have a rainfall amounting to 18-21 inches and a free frost period averaging about 94 days. In the growing season the days are very long and in hours of sunshine throughout the year Edmonton district ranks third highest for the Dominion. The average winter conditions are not too severe. Last year and this year we did not get much snow until the last of January. During the past winter I found the travelling excellent with my Ford car until the heavy snows came in January.

In a new pioneer country of this kind we find settlers coming from all parts of the globe and of all types—good, bad and indifferent. Around Athabasca there is quite a sprinkling of Indian breeds and several settlements of blacks from the southern States. Settlers coming into this country are drawn from many stations in life and a large majority of them never farmed before. To anyone settling in a new country like this my advice is to have a good look around for about a year or so and learn a few things. In a country of such variation one cannot very well pick and choose in a few days and expect to be completely satisfied for the rest of his farming days.



Farming in Northern Alberta

C. F. Peterson, '20.

IN MEMORIAM

THE LATE R. E. MACKECHNIE

The announcement of the death of R. E. MacKechnie at Mowat Sanatorium, Kingston, Ont., on February the 13th last, caused very great regret among his many friends at Macdonald and elsewhere.

"Mac" was a graduate in Agriculture, completing his course in 1915. During the four years he was at College he made a host of friends. His sincerity, his good humour, his keeness to give a helping hand to all worthy causes or needy friends, his strength of character and his high ideals, all combined to make him one of our most popular students.

Just before Convocation "Mac" left for overseas with the McGill Unit of the Canadian Army Medical Corps. While in France during 1915 he developed a severe case of pleurisy and spent over a year and a half in hospitals in Scotland and England. On his return he spent some time at Lake Edward Sanatorium where he recovered his health sufficiently to return home. In the fall of 1919, however, he suffered a relapse and went to Mowat Sanatorium where he was confined until the time of his death.

Even under such discouraging conditions "Mac" maintained a cheerful and happy disposition, and was held in high esteem by his fellow patients. Two of his classmates who visited him there can bear testimony to the above statements. He put up a brave fight. He lost after a long struggle but his influence is still felt by all who knew him for his memory will

always bring to them the higher and better ideals of life.

To mourn his loss, besides his many college friends, there are left his father, W. W. MacKechnie of Wyman, Que., and three brothers, Milton of Chagoness, Sask. S. B. MacKechnie of Valparaiso, Sask., and Wyman, of Wyman, Que. To them the graduates in Agriculture, the Staff of the College, and the many students of the School for Teachers and Household Science extend their deepest sympathy.

Addresses of Macdonald College Agricultural Graduates

Class '11.

W. H. Brittain, Provincial Entomologist, Truro N. S.
F. E. Buck, Assist. Professor of Horticulture, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B. C.
R. P. Gorham, Assist. Entomologist, Dominion Entomological Laboratory, Fredericton, N. B.
F. S. Grisdale, Principal, Agricultural School, Olds, Alta.
F. H. Grindley, Editor, Scientific Agriculture, c/o Garden City Press, Gardenvale, Que.
Robt. Innes, Director of Agricultural Branch, Soldiers' Settlememnt Board, Ottawa, Ont.
W. J. Reid, Supt. of Agricultural Instruction, Department of Agriculture, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Dr. A. Savage, Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg, Man.
C. M. Spencer, Fruit Growing, Victoria Ave., Wanganwi, New Zealand.
E. M. Straight, Experimental Station, Saanichton, R.M.D. Victoria, B. C.
R. Summerby, Professor of Cereal Husbandry, Macdonald College, Que.
C. Sweet, Chief Seed Analyst, 117 Vittoria St., Ottawa, Ont.
C. Williams, District Agriculturist, Soldiers' Settlement Board, Charlottetown, P.E.I.
G. W. Wood, Professor of Animal Husbandry, Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg, Man.

Class '12.

W. W. Baird, Superintendent of Experimental Farm, Nappan, N. S.
F. S. Brown, Assist. Supt. Experimental Farm, Lennoxville, Que.
A. A. Campbell, Dept. of Natural Resources, C. P. R. System, Calgary, Alta.
M. B. Davis, Assistant Horticulturist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
H. B. Durost, Woodstock, N. B.
K. M. Fiske, c/o Mr. S. M. Fiske, Martintown, Ont.
S. M. Fiske, Martintown, Ont.
D. B. Flewelling, Field Supervisor Soldiers' Settlement Board, Fredericton, N. B. (Box 834).
R. S. Kennedy, Advertising Promoter, c/o Montreal Daily Star, Montreal, Que.
E. A. Lods, Extension Cerealist, Macdonald College, Que.
R. Newton, Division of Agricultural Biochemistry, University Farm, St. Paul, Minn.
A. R. Ness, Lecturer in Animal Husbandry, Macdonald College, Que.
L. V. Parent, Manager, Can. Co-operative Wool Growers, Lennoxville, Que.
L. C. Raymond, Lecturer in Cereal Husbandry, Macdonald College, Que.
Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa, Ont.
E. Rhoades, Dominion Live Stock Branch,
J. G. Robertson, Live Stock Commissioner, Parliament Buildings, Regina, Sask.
J. M. Robinson, c/o Soldiers' Settlement Board, Salmon Arm, B. C.
J. A. Simard, Representative of Dominion Seed Branch, Quebec, Que.

Class '13

J. S. Dash, Dominion Seed Branch, Ottawa, Ont.
E. M. DuPorte, Lecturer in Entomology and Zoology, Macdonald College, Que.
A. F. Emberley, Ayer's Cliff, Que.
W. H. Gibson, Farming, Indian Head, Sask.
A. C. Gorham, Director of Elementary Agricultural Education, Sussex, N. B.
M. H. Jenkins, Assist. Supt. of Experiment Station, Nappan, N. S.
G. C. Halliday, Farming, Sawyerville, Que.
J. K. King, Representative of Live Stock Branch, Moncton, N. B.
D. E. Lothian, Soldiers' Settlement Board, c/o University Club, Vancouver, B. C.
G. LeLacheur, Dominion Seed Branch, Ottawa, Ont.
Victor Matthews, Assist. Supt. of Experimental Farm, Lethbridge, Alta.
Kenneth MacBean, Assist. Supt. of Experimental Farm, Agassiz, B. C.
L. D. McClintock, Agricultural Demonstrator, Knowlton, Que.
W. A. Middleton, Horticulture Dept., University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B. C.
G. E. O'Brien, Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers, Toronto, Ont.
A. E. Raymond, Soldiers' Settlement Board, Woodstock, N. B.

B. B. Richardson, College of Agriculture, Milford, N. H., U.S.A.
F. N. Savoie, Secretary of Agriculture, Quebec, Que.

Class '14

E. N. Blondin, Agricultural Demonstrator, Huntingdon, Que.
C. F. Coffin, Yuma, Arizona, U. S. A.
O. A. Cooke, Department of Agriculture, Regina, Sask.
P. R. Cowan, Cerealist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
R. Dougall, Lecturer in History, University of Maine, Orono, Maine.
F. L. Drayton, Plant Pathologist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
H. J. M. Fiske, Lloyd Fruit Co. Regina, Sask.
R. I. Hamilton, Agrostologist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
D. W. Hamilton, Professor of Agricultural Education, Pullman, Washington, D. C.
C. H. Hodge, Assist. Agricultural Editor, Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal, Que.
R. R. Huestis, The Scripps Institution for Biological Research, La Jolla, California, U.S.A.
R. E. Husk, Farming, Glenelm, Que.
W. L. MacFarlane, Fox Harbour Point, N.S.
G. G. Moe, Associate-Professor in Agronomy, University of British Columbia, Vancouer, B.C.
G. W. Muir, Animal Husbandman, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
W. Newton, Department of Agriculture, Victoria, B.C.
T. F. Ritchie, Assist. Horticulturist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
A. O. Schafheitlin, Farming, Canning, N.S.

Class '15.

G. C. Boyce, Farming, Athelstan, Que.
V. B. Durling, Entomological Branch, Annapolis Royal, N.S.
H. I. Evans, Soldiers' Settlement Board, St. John, N. B.
E. L. Hodgins, Elmhurst Farm, Portage du Fort, Que.
J. H. King, Agricultural Representative, Box 279 Moncton, N.B.
W. G. MacDougall, Agricultural Demonstrator, Lennoxville, Que.
J. E. McOuat, Lecturer in Nature Study and lege, Que.
Elementary Agriculture, Macdonald Col-
L. C. McOuat, Lecturer in Animal Husbandry, Macdonald College, Que.
H. D. Mitchell, Ford Motor Co., Laurier Ave., Montreal, Que.
F. Y. Presley, Business Manager, Committee on Economic Research, (Harvard University), 26 Ellis St., Malden, Mass.
E. M. Ricker, Horticulturist, Agricultural School, Lakeville, Conn.
H. B. Roy, Farming, Sabrevois, Que.
Chas. Russell, University of Columbia, New York, U.S.A.
W. Sadler, Professor of Dairying, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B. C.
A. G. Taylor, Poultry Division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
L. J. Westbrooke, Farming, South Bryon, N. Y.
H. F. Williamson, State Institute of Applied Agriculture, Farmingdale, Long Island, N.Y.

Class '16.

T. H. Biggar, Farming, Huntingdon, Que.
E. S. Cochrane, Farming, Clarenceville, Que.
L. W. F. Crothers, Grenville, Que.
J. G. C. Fraser, Assist. in Cereal Division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
C. B. Gooderham, Dominion Apiarist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
G. C. Hay, District Agriculturist, Kamloops, B. C.
O. C. Hicks, Soils and Crops Division, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N.B.
C. B. Hutchings, Assist. Entomologist, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, Ont.
A. E. Hyndman, 137 McGill St., Montreal, Que.
C. Lyster, 1087 Sherbrooke St., East, Montreal, Que.
J. Harold McOuat, In Charge of Extension Work in Schools, Macdonald College, Que.
J. C. Moynan, 41 Highland Ave., Westboro. Ont. (Ottawa)
R. Schafheitlin, Farming, Canning, N.S.
J. A. Ste. Marie, Supt. Experimental Station, Ste. Anne de la Pocatiere, Que.
W. E. Sutton, Farm Manager, Lyndonville, Vt., U.S.A.

Class '17.

Alex. Bothwell, Agricultural Representative, Lachute, Que.
H. S. Cunningham, Department of Agriculture, Truro, N. S.
G. H. Dickson, Vineland Experimental Station, Vineland, Ont.
R. M. Elliott, c/o Live Stock Branch, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
R. C. M. Fiske, Regina, Sask.
L. R. Jones, Farming, Swanton, Vt., U.S.A.
T. G. Hetherington, Union Stock Yards, Toronto, Ont.
J. D. Newton, 2316 Allston Way, Berkeley, California, U.S.A.
C. Morris, Ste. Therese, Terrebonne Co., Que.
L. C. Roy, Agricultural Demonstrator, Cookshire, Que.
E. C. Spicer, Spencer's Island, Cumberland Co., N. S.
E. G. Wood, Agricultural Extensionman, Hamiota, Man.

Class '18.

G. E. Arnold, Farming, Grenville, Que.
F. B. Kinsman, Supervisor of Illustration Stations for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, Lakeville, N. S.
C. E. Boulden, Farming, Windsor, N.S.
A. Kelsall, Entomological Branch, Annapolis Royal, N. S.
H. S. Mace, 38 Nichols St., Rutland, Vt.
A. E. McMahon, Salesman and Insecticide Expert, c/o John Cowan Chemical Co., Montreal, Que.
Miss M. Newton, c/o Dr. E. C. Stackman,

Plant Pathology Dept., University Farm, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A.
R. J. M. Reid, Chateauguay Basin, Que.
E. M. Taylor, Assist. Supt., Experimental Farm, Fredericton, N. B.
Miss Pearl Stanford, Youngstown, Alta.

Class '19.

Chas. Wilcox, c/o Kenwood Farm, Shelburne, Vt. U.S.A.
E. Grove White, Kilbyrne, Doneraile, County Cork, Ireland.

Class '20.

W. E. Ashton, Field Representative, Canadian Jersey Cattle Club, Waterloo, Que.
A. H. W. Birch, Assist. Apiarist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
R. A. Derick, c/o University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B. C.
W. G. Dunsmore, c/o Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
E. C. Hatch, Farming, Brockville, Ont.
W. D. Hay, c/o Soldiers' Settlements Board, Hanna, Alta.
S. R. N. Hodgins, Editor of Journal of Agriculture, Macdonald College, Que.
W. N. Jones, c/o Dept. of Dairy Husbandry, Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa, U.S.A.
A. E. Matthews, Department of Farm Crops, College of Agriculture, Ames, Iowa, U.S.A.
W. A. Maw, Lecturer in Poultry Husbandry, Macdonald College, Que.
J. E. Ness, Farming, Howick, Que.
C. F. Peterson, c/o Soldiers' Settlement Board, Athabasca, Alta.
L. G. Saunders, 8 Corona Road, Victoria Road, Cambridge, England.
S. G. Skinner, Landscape Architect on G. T. R. System, c/o Central Y.M.C.A., College Street, Toronto, Ont.
W. J. Reid, Farm Manager, Rougemont Station, Que.

Class '21.

W. H. Barnett, Shawville, Que.*
W. C. R. Bradford, Experimental Station, Lacombe, Alta.
P. D. Bragg, c/o Chas. Bragg, Esq., Collingwood Corner, N.S.*
A. J. Buckland, Coaticook, Que.
H. A. Butler, Heart's Delight Farm, Chazy, N. Y.
F. B. Chauvin, 720 Maplewood Ave., Montreal, Que.*
P. M. Daly, 263 Charlotte St., St. John, N.B.*
S. M. Denison, Denison's Mills, Que.*
A. L. Hay, Agricultural Demonstrator, Cranbrook, B. C.
S. J. Hetherington, Co-operation and Markets Branch, Department of Agriculture, Regina, Sask.
J. F. Hockey, c/o Plant Pathology Laboratory, St. Catherines, Ont.
A. R. Jones, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Box 489, Charlottetown, P.E.I.
D. M. Laurie, Farming, Hemmingford, Que.
Miss M. L. MacAloney, Fairview, Halifax, N. S.*
J. M. F. MacKenzie, Coxheath, N. S.*
T. G. Major, 37 Crescent St., Montreal, Que.*
G. D. Matthews, c/o Soldiers' Settlement Board, Lindsay Building, Quebec, Que.
A. R. Milne, (Soldiers' Settlement Board), Box 107, St. Catherines, Ont.
Miss D. E. Newton, Ste. Anne de Bellevue.*
A. C. Norcross, c/o Stanley Thompson and Co., 615 New Birks Bldg., Montreal, Que.
M. B. Paige, Coaticook, Que.*
W. T. Perry, Riverside, Albert Co., N.B.
A. W. Peterson, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Box 489, Charlottetown, P.E.I.
J. K. Richardson, 384 Oxford Ave., Montreal, Que.*
J. W. Scannell, Chelsea, Que.
P. M. Simmonds, University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, Sask.
C. J. Watson, Chemical Laboratory, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

(* = Home address.)

Undergraduate Notes

Freshman to Senior — Where is Dr. Spitall's office, anyway?

* * *

Douglas Bradford, '24, attended the Boys Dance. We are sorry that "Brad" is not with us this year.

* * *

Gordon S. Matthews, '23, dropped in on us for a week end visit lately. "Mattie" is the same as ever and expects to be with us next year.

Douglas Edwards, also of class '23, who is at home in Lacolle came to M. A. C. for the Poultry Short Course. Incidentally, he looks prosperous.

• • •

A. F. Kurrle, (also of '23) is living in New York. We were exceedingly sorry to hear of the death of his mother.

• • •

Gordon LeFevre, '22 is working with "Spud" Thompson, '23, at Abbotsford, Que., where they are establishing an orchard.

• • •

E. Bruce Chaplin is at home in Hartford, Conn., and expects to become a producer of apples soon near Abbotsford, Que. "Charlie" paid us a visit not long ago.

• • •

"Bill" Patterson, some time member of Class '22, was at our Dance. He is at present living at home with his people, looking well and (we hope) working hard.

• • •

Alex. Robb and "Rusty" Lambourne of the Winter Course 1920-21 are looking well and prosperous. They paid us a visit lately.

Science

Grace McOuat, Senior Administrator '20, paid us a visit a few weeks ago. We are always glad to see the old girls.

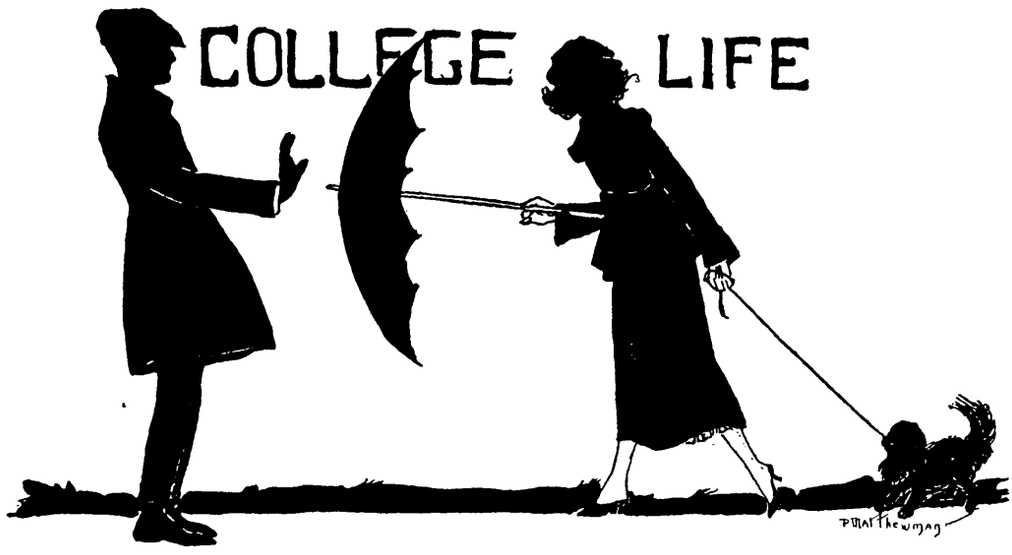
Honor Gifford, Senior Administrator '21, visited the college on her way home from the Robert Long Hospital, Indianapolis. Hattie Pearson has taken her place in the Hospital.

Jessie Naismith is taking her pupil dietitian course in the Toronto General Hospital. We wish Jessie every success.

Mattie and Enid McFarlane have completed their dietitian course at Hartford Hospital, Hartford, Conn. Enid is doing social service work in Halifax and Mattie is dietitian at Ashbury Boys' College, Ottawa. We wish them both the best of luck.

Dorothy White '19, paid us a visit on her way home from the Toronto General Hospital, where she had taken her pupil dietitian course.

Jean Anderson and Frances Thompson, Senior Administrator '19, visited the College on Saturday, May 6th.



THE SCIENCE-TEACHERS DEBATE

The fussers of Macdonald are still smiling. The advocates of the old time methods, when "ye lady fair" was visible only to the male sex when she displayed herself on her father's battlements, went down to another defeat on the night of April 10th. The resolution "Resolved that co-education in universities is desirable" was ably supported by Miss Moule and Miss Higginson of the School for Teachers, and opposed, verily to the last ditch, by Miss Weeks and Miss Clark who represented the School of Household Science. Of course none of us want segregation of the sexes and, judging by observations in the past year, least of all the Science girls, but then as Shakespeare was wont to remark to Cassius "we must have excitement".

The entrance of the Science girls into the hall was first announced by music and song. The result was a noise fit for another sphere (or place). Broomsticks and rolling pins at the alert, they made a truly terrifying array to a timid male heart.

The Teachers, as became the instructors of our future generations, made a more stately entrance and filed to their seats in silence. The meeting was opened by the chairman, the minutes of the last assembly read, and the fight was on.

Those who had come in search of entertainment were well satisfied. Piquant thrusts and jests were the order from both sides. When reference was made to the frequent forming of "stag" tables in the dining hall, many were the heads that fell blushing forward. When reference was not made to the numerous ladies' tables in the same dining room, many were the cheeks that ought to have blushed—but didn't. The successful marriages of many members of the staff with college girls they had met while studying, was dwelt upon and caused many eyes to be turned by those in front as they sought the eyes of their knights in the rear seats.

While the judges, Dr. Snell, Dr. McCostie and Mr. Hodgins retired, much applause was evoked by male members of the Macdonald Beauty Chorus who sang to a very appreciative house.

Dr. Snell, in rendering the decision, expressed the opinion of all present when he remarked that Macdonald had not heard such womanly eloquence for many decades.

The Science girls, like true sports, were first on their feet with cheers for the Teachers when the result was made known, and with college songs and the singing of

the national anthem, a debate, long to be remembered by all, was brought to a close.

(*A. D. B.* '23)

SLEIGH DRIVE

On Saturday night, February the twenty fifth, Class '23 was entertained by its advisory board, the members of which are Dr. Snell, Prof. Bunting, and Mr. L. C. McOuat. The evening was bright and clear, with a full moon. About half past seven the class, with its honorary officers, and young ladies left the Women's Residence on two flat sleighs. After driving a couple of miles the party was allowed to experience the joys and thrills,—and there were some,—of tobogganinb down a hillside with which no one seemed familiar. A large bonfire was lighted on the hill-top, around which those who did not care to slide could sit and talk. After sliding an hour or so the sleighs were again loaded and the return journey commenced. The party was entertained *en route* with singing and a few selections on the Hawaiian ukelele.

The driving came to an end at the home of Dr. Snell. Here we were greeted with cheery grate fires. Delicious refreshments were served by Mrs. Snell and Mrs. Bunting. Dancing was enjoyed until it was time to break up, thus bringing to a conclusion a most enjoyable evening.

J. H. G. '23.

THE PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

On Wednesday, March 29th, we had the pleasure of listening to the Public Speaking Contest, held under the auspices of the College Literary and Debating Society. This was the first contest of its kind to be held at Macdonald for several years, and the large audience present was an indication of the keen appreciation of this form of entertainment.

There were six entries for the contest—three from the Junior year and three from the Freshman. Perhaps the only regrettable feature was the fact that the Seniors, Sophomores and the women students had no representatives participating.

All the participants showed ability as speakers on the platform, and chose subjects which were interesting and instructive to the audience.

Mr. W. Perron opened the contest with a subject entitled," French Influence in Canada", in which he pointed out the large number of French Canadians who were leaders in Canadian industries. His speech was well delivered and was very interesting throughout.

Mr. H. Angell next gave us a talk on "Jamaica, its History, Geography and Staple Products". This was much appreciated, more so perhaps, because of the clear enunciation which Mr. Angell possesses.

The third speaker of the evening, Mr. Dimmock, chose an unusual subject upon which to speak, namely, "Eats". Mr. Dimmock in combining the humourous and serious side of the subject stressed the manner in which we so-called modernized people consume our meals today. This, in the speaker's eyes is horrible and degrading, and he considers that we should follow the customs which our forefathers practiced when they dined.

Mr. W. C. Tully, himself a saxaphone player, thought that we ought to know something about that instrument so he spoke on "The History of the Saxaphone."

Mr. Walford, a speaker of no mean ability, chose a subject which was big—too big for a short speech. To condense the subject, "Quebec, and a few of its Possibilities" into a few minutes' speech is a diffucult object to accomplish. Mr. Walford, nevertheless, handled his subject in a very creditable manner.

The last speaker of the evening was

Mr. M. MacLennan, who chose the subject, "Canada and Immigration". The speaker went about his subject in the manner of a debater, pointing out the ways and means of solving the many immigration problems which Canada has to, and is, facing at the present time. This speech was well prepared and well delivered.

The judges, after a prolonged consultation awarded the prized as follows:—

1st Prize, Mr. F. Dimmock.
2nd Prize, Mr. W. Perron.
3rd Prize, Mr. M. MacLennan.
4th Prize, Mr. H. Angell.

T. A.

GIRLS' DANCE

There are certain incidents in our lives which, on account of the pleasurable associations connected with them, seem to stand out prominently in our memories, and as time runs its course these memories become dear and yet more dear and cherished, instead of sinking as do many others, into oblivion.

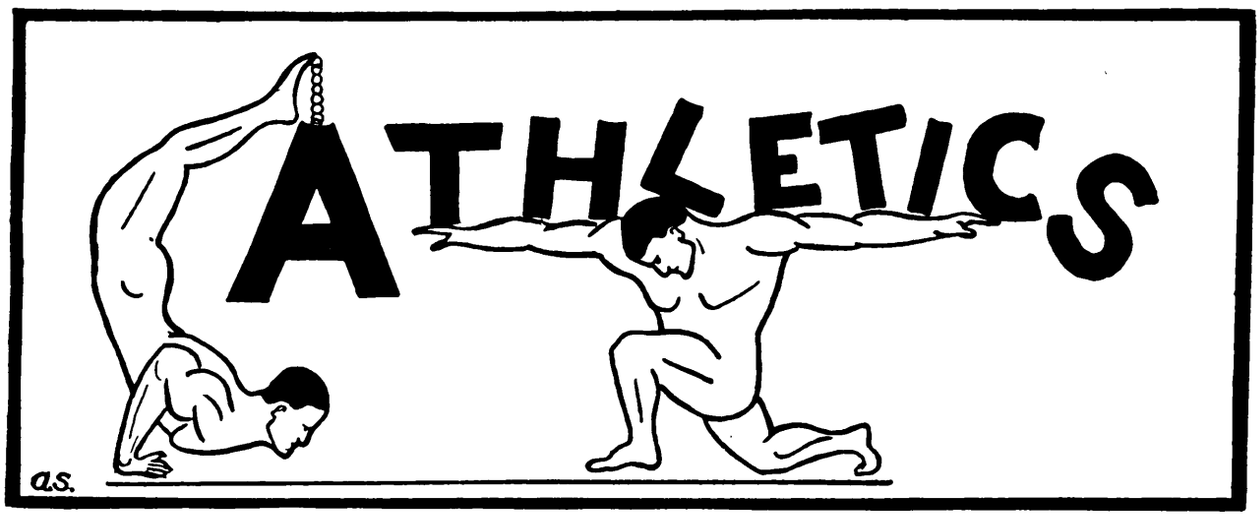
Such was one of the social events of our college year 21-22 (the last dance of the season) which although the happiest and most delightful of the year, produced in the hearts of those who were there some twinges of regret, regret at the thought that it was the last for the season, and that so many of the fair would not be with us next year. To those who in a short time will be leaving us to fight the battle of life let us be allowed to express how much we have enjoyed the pleasure of the year's association with them, and how we wish it were possible for it to continue yet a little longer.

But the pleasure we enjoyed on that occasion—how can more words describe the thrills we experienced as we floated along with our arms full of joy through the gaily decked and cunningly lightly gymnasium; or as we sat in those cosy corners so dear to hearts of even the most prosaic individuals? What tales those soft eyes told as we lightly and gaily tripped it to the strains of the delightful music the band discoursed! How intoxicating it all was! Now that some days have passed since the event and we think once more of it how can we persuade ourselves that it was but one of the realities of our college life and not a delightful dream?

The first happy hours sped away like so many minutes and in due course we were seated at supper in the college dining room. We need not here express our full appreciation of that part of the evening's programme which was, as was everything else, excellent. Need we say more?

Again we ascended the stairs, the dance continued until at length—and how short the whole evening seemed—the last waltz followed by "God Save the King" brought our enjoyment to an end.

"X"



To produce a healthy mind in a healthy body is one of the chief aims of any educational institution, and this aim is by no means lost sight of here. This is where we see the value of athletics. It teaches us self-reliance and the habit of thinking quickly, while that sense of fair play which is the boast of every British citizen is fostered. While all these advantages and many others have been enumerated before, a little refreshing of our memories is always useful. We often lose sight of the main purpose, and compete merely for the sake of the empty glory. At Macdonald, as elsewhere, this tendency has been observed, but happily it is not widespread. Our Athletic Executive have had a full year of it, and are to be congratulated on the variety of the activities featured.

Indoor Baseball

In indoor ball, our team did some good work, but the fates seemed to be against us. Since the last issue, we have played five league games.

Students vs Reds

This game was played in the Montreal High School gymnasium and was very close. The college established a lead and kept it till the sixth innings, when the Reds caught up and passed them. Skinner's pitching was excellent so that it was very difficult for the opposing team to score. Our batting, however, was weak and we failed to overcome the lead of the Reds who won with a score of 10—9.

The line up was as follows:—

C. Skinner and Bruce Ness (battery), Templeton, Winter, B. Holmes, A. J. Man, F. Dinmock, Atwell and R. H. Smith.

Students vs Staff

Our first victory was won early in March when we defeated the Staff 12-11. As the score indicates this game was very closely contested, the issue being in doubt up to the last innings. The failure of the Staff was due to their weak hitting and Skinner's pitching which was of a very high order. The fielding on both sides was inclined to be loose.

Staff vs Students

The week following the above victory saw our team reduplicate the performance. Here again, they failed to do any hitting. In this game our team seemed to have got into their batting stride, and but for the neat work of the men covering the bases, the score would have been more unequal. Our men had little chance to show their

fielding qualities, the battery doing most of the work.

Students vs. Whites

The Whites had it practically all their own way on this occasion. Our fielding was not up to the mark, while our inability to connect with the ball in batting was another serious drawback to our winning. The Whites did some brilliant batting, and had the lead practically from the start. The result was a win for them 18-12.

Students vs. Reds

Our last game of the season resulted in a victory to our team, the final score being 14-4. The feature of this game was our fine batting exhibition, in fact, it was distinctly dangerous for the spectators in the gallery. Skinner's pitching, too, was irresistible, so that the Reds failed to score. They put up a good fight, however, and did some brilliant fielding, but the odds were against them. Owing to Ness's having broken a finger, Dimmock had to replace him. The latter was handicapped by having a sprained thumb and by the fact that he and Skinner had had little practice together, but in spite of that made few slips. The college was represented by Dimmock and Skinner (battery), Templeton, Winter, Vanterpool, Atwell, Brighton, Maw and K. Hay.

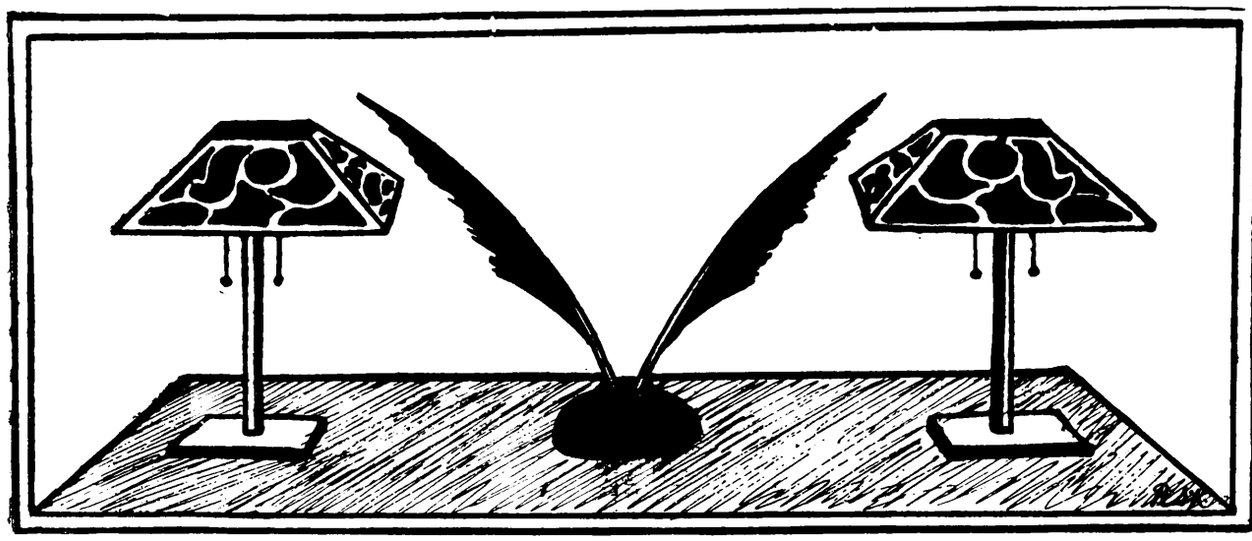
Interclass Games

Perhaps the games in which most enthusiasm is shown are the interclass baseball and basketball games. From the beginning the Freshmen were out of the running, and the Winter Course soon followed, thus leaving the Seniors, Juniors and Sophormores to continue. The final tug-of-war was between the Seniors and Juniors, as each had defeated all their other opponents. In baseball, however, the latter were beaten by the close score of 12-11, thus putting the former one ahead. In the last game of the schedule, the former again won, and by a good margin. They thus become the holders of the Robertson Shield and have the distinction of winning all their games.

Owing to the early disappearance of the ice, the play off in hockey did not take place, much to the disappointment of the hockey fans.

Swimming

A most successful aquatic meet was held in the Men's Swimming pool on March 10th. For weeks beforehand, the contestants had been preparing for the day, or rather, evening, and as the ability of most of them was a matter of speculation, the excitement was very high. The star performer was Owen who won both the shorter races and the longer ones (6 and 10 lengths.) Chapman and Walford also did well, getting placings in several events, while Williams and Atwell won one event each, the former the breast stroke of 2 length and the latter the plate diving. All the shorter events were keenly contested, but in the 6 and 10 lengths there were only 2 and 3 entrants respectively. While the attendance was large, it was not nearly as large as it should be, many holding back from a sense of false modesty. Owing to the success of this meet, it is hoped to hold one annually, and a bigger and better list of entrants is expected.



Under The Desk Lamp

Dear Mr. Editor,—

I have a little matter I would like brought to the attention of the college students if you can spare the space in your valuable magazine. I was a student at Macdonald College at one time and also have seen the world. Almost in every place I have noticed the little matter I am bringing to your attention. This subject I shall term *stukupitivness.*

This is a very serious disease tending to affect a very few of the young people between the ages of fifteen and twenty years. It is much more serious with some people than with others, consequently, if any of you think your case is serious, or worse still chronic, you had better investigate the undermentioned cure very soon as it surely will be to your advantage.

This stukupitivness is a very small word like "if" with a very big meaning. It means chiefly the inability, or what is more commonly the undesirability, of mixing with the rest of us. How often have you met a person that is, to use a common phrase, from two to ten miles off the earth; that is, they think they are anywhere from a whole lot to a little bit better than the ordinary boy or girl. But what does the other boy or girl think?

Here is a concrete example. A certain girl is in existence (note that word.) She thinks that because she does not have to train for some honest profession, or in plain language work, that she is a little better than the ordinary boy or girl. Probably she thinks she is a lady. (Note that word too, opinions differ as to its meaning.) She gets along famously for a while with one or two of her set. Soon she begins to realize, however, that she is not very popular with the rest of the bunch. Somewhere and sometime she gets a jolt. She may come to life from her dilemma, or she may not, according to the seriousness of her case.

If she does sometimes she connects with Mother Earth with considerable of a jolt. Then she gets busy making friends with the gang and usually is successful as these girls usually are not hard to look at. These are the kind that are usually afflicted.

At your college, if I remember correctly, all the boys and girls are supposed to be brothers and sisters. I am afraid that some of the girls and also a few boys think that the majority of you are just kid brothers and sisters.

Brothers and sisters as you are supposed to be, for the love of Methuselah don't ever acquire the first symptoms of

this most dread disease. It is essentially a mental affliction and can be cured forever if not gone too far.

There are a few exceptions where it cannot be cured. I know of one girl—she was never in College — who finds it actually painful to speak to anyone on the street or any public place, except a very few of her select friends. This is a case that has been going from bad to worse for a number of years. Would it not be a rather unfortunate way to be? And yet this is what it leads to in serious cases. Oh, if boys and girls only knew, I do not think they would ever become affected.

The best cure I know of for this disease is to MIX. It is an easy think to do, and take it from me, children, the results will surprise you. When a person has been frozen out, so to speak, a few times, they may suffer from more or less congealment of the ear lobes. However, they always fall down from their perch at some time or other, and, as I have said before, connect with the ground—where the rest of us are —with quite a bump.

I am writing this short and painful spasm during a sleepless night with which, I am sorry to say, I am prone to be afflicted. Don't imagine for a moment, however, that it is just a horrible nightmare. It is nothing of the kind. It is, as we used to say when we were youngsters, the Bible Truth. I am not inclined to be affected with nightmares or sleepwalking anyway; in fact, I don't ever remember being so criminally negligent. Anyway, if you think you have the slightest trace of this most devastating disease, do your best to get rid of it *quam celerrime,* by trying the above cure—it will be well worth while.

Yours affectionately,
U. R. Crowsfoot.

The Silk Hat

There was nothing else for it. Levi Solomon had to have a new hat. The approaching occasion was a solemn and important one, and the old tile, while it might still pass muster for less auspicious occasions, was now out of the question. For Levi, by virtue of office which placed him next to the Rabbi himself in precedence would be too conspicuous a figure to be garbed in anything but the very best. For hours Mr. and Mrs. Solomon had weighed the matter over. Had there been time, Levi would have resigned from the office rather than draw upon his bank account to the extent that now appeared inevitable. After a whole evening of weighing up the pros and cons Mrs. Solomon had a bright idea. Why not borrow a silk hat? While all of Jewish persuasion would require their own best apparel, still, did they not boast of Gentiles among their acquaintanceship who might be prevailed upon to loan a silk hat for once. Not wishing his wife to take too much credit for her plan, Levi received it without any great show of enthusiasm; but, all unknown to his better half, within twenty-four hours he had asked for, obtained, and placed on the customary peg in the closet a beautiful, practically new specimen of silk headgear such as befitted both the occasion and the official position he was to hold.

The morning following this acquisition, an itinerant pedlar approached the home of the Solomons, and, knocking loudly with the accustomed temerity of the average hawker, inquired as to whether there might be anything in the line of old clothes for disposal. Like a flash, Mrs. Solomon thought of the old silk hat. If they had to have a new one, why not sell the old one and thus help with the expense. Unfortunately for the head of the household, Mrs. Solomon was more than weak in her eyesight and in the excitement of the heat of the bargaining she did not give quite as much attention to the object she obtained from the cupboard as might otherwise have been the case. After the customary haggling — not too prolonged after the pedlar had once

caught a glimpse of the desired purchase, a bargain was struck, very acceptable to Mrs. Solomon whose main thought was how delighted her husband would be with her business acumen.

On Levi's homecoming that night, he was greeted with smiles by a triumphant wife as she explained her method in helping to defray the cost of the new hat. Suddenly her husband turned pale, made a dash for the cupboard, and then screamed:

"It is gone! It is gone!"

"Of course it is gone, you silly" his wife responded.

"Oh! Oh! You don't understand. I had borrowed a new one and that is the one you have sold for a mere trifle."

The Solomon couple retired that night feeling very blue. Of two silk hats they now only possessed one, and that the old one.

All night long Mrs. Solomon schemed as to how she might make up for the mistake she had made. And by the wee small hours of the morning she had hit upon a device which she hoped would help to alleviate the situation, and forthwith fell into the slumber such as only those who deserve it attain.

Next morning, Levi was unusually kind to his wife. He insisted that she should stay in bed while he brought up her breakfast. His wife, wondering as to his unusual attention to her comfort and thinking that he probably wished to make amends for the somewhat acrimonious remarks he had made the night before, fell in with his wishes if only to humour him, for, as a matter of fact, she was wider awake than usual so full was her mind of the scheme she had in view. While the kettle was boiling for breakfast down below Levi opened the door gently, stepped stealthily out into the street and then scurried hastily to the nearest hat shop. In less than two jiffies he was back with a very prominent parcel under his arm. It was a new silk hat. Only he knew what had been the mental cost of that hat in addition to the financial expenditure. In the long stilly hours of the night before, avarice and necessity had made his breast the cock pit of their struggle. Necessity had won. Unwrapping the parcel with fever-should catch him in the act, he took down the old silk hat from its peg and replaced the new one thereon. A final glance at the ancient head gear convinced him once more that it was only fit for the flames, and into the fire it went.

* * *

The catastrophe which followed may be attributed to one or the sum of several causes. An almost parsimonious thrift in the matter of household lighting, combined with the all-pervading gloom of a November day did not tend to improve Mrs. Solomon's optical defect. While her knowledge of the ionization theory was probably a little vague, yet we have more faith in her than to believe that she would not have recognized the difference between NH_3 and HNO_3 had she been able to see the labels. However, whatever may have been her knowledge of chemistry, the fact remains that she failed to observe that the hat she took down from the peg in no way resembled the one which she had been accustomed to see her husband wear from the day of their wedding till more modern times.

With more ingratiating smiles than ever was Levi received by his wife on his arrival home at the end of the day.

"Well, Daddy," she said at supper. "You will have a respectable hat to go to the meeting with after all. I have fixed the old one up so that I think you may not need to be ashamed of it."

The old man arose from his seat with a look on his face that almost froze the blood in his wife's veins. In one mad,

frantic dive he reached the closet. His cry of anguish brought Mrs. Solomon to her feet. What in heaven's name had happened this time?

"You fool! You have ruined another new silk hat" her husband screamed in her ear as he held before her horror-stricken gaze the most dilapidated looking object she had ever seen calling itself by the name of a hat. The acid she had applied so vigorously had continued to do its work after she had done her part. Of the beautiful silk cover there was nothing left. In fact, there was very little left, but the shape, and a poor one at that.

It was too much. They sank to the floor and wept in unison. Of three silk hats, not even the old one remained.

Locals

Lady to Conductor: Which end of the car do I get off?

Conductor: Makes no difference lady, both ends stop.

He stood on the bridge at midnight
The car to the barns it sped.
He was very much struck by the
moonlight.
But that isn't why he is dead.

A farmer and his daughter were returning late one night from market. Going through a dark lane they met two robbers who took their horse and rig. "Evelen," said the farmer, "did they take your purse?

"No, father," she replied. "I put it in my mouth."

"My," said the old man, "if your mother had been here, we would have saved the horse and rig."

Lecturer in Hort. — What are the principal varieties of egg-plants?

Fritz. — Plymouth Rocks.

Mother (aside). — Your "collar" looks tight.

Edna. — Oh! but he really isn't.

"Does anyone know why Seedless oranges are seedless:" asked the lecturer in Genetics.

Baker's face became illuminated with a ruddy glow when he replied, "I do, sir."

"Why?

"Because thre are no seeds in them, sir."

A nation without women is stagnation.

Taking the Joy Out of Life

When a girl seems to know the exact location where her head fits your vest, you may be sure you are not the first one upon whose shoulder she has laid it.

Shep: — "Hello Clay, how's the boy?

Clay: — "Fine, he weighs 7 lbs 6 ozs and going strong.

Specialist to patient: — "Yes, I can cure you."

Patient: — "What will it cost?"

Specialist: — "Ninety-five dollars.

Patient: — "You will have to shade your price a little. I have a better bid from the undertaker.

PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES

Superb Quality
Finest Workmanship
Greatest Value
in the World

10 for 18¢
20 " 35¢

And in tins
of 50 & 100

Spiritualist: — "Do you want to see the shade of your wife?

Rastus: — "No suh! Ah distinctly remebahs it as dahk mahogany.

McGill Medicine — "Why did you break your engagement with that Macdonald teacher?"

McGill Arts — "Why if I didn't go out there every Saturday she expected me to send a written excuse signed by my mother.

There are metres iambic,
And metres trochaic,
And metres in musical tone,
But the metre
That's sweeter
And neater,
Completer,
Is to meet'er by moonlight alone.

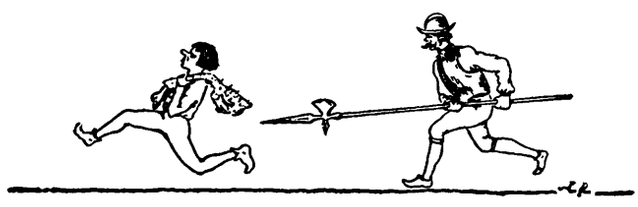
Calling On Ma.

You sing a little song or two,
And have a little chat;
You make a little candy fudge,
And then you take your hat;
You hold hr hand and say goodnight,
As sweetly as you can;
Ain't that an awful evening,
For a great big healthy man?

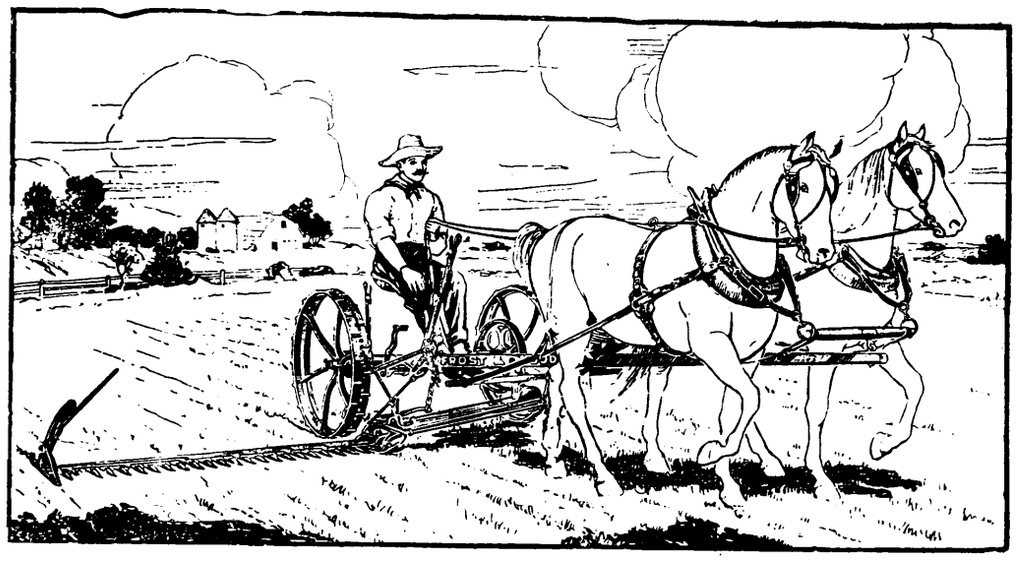
Van — "What is the most nervous thing in the world next to a girl?"

Jim — "Me — next to a girl."

Gin a body meet a body
With her hair awry;
Has a body by a body
Been kissed on the sly?



FROST AND WOOD MOWERS



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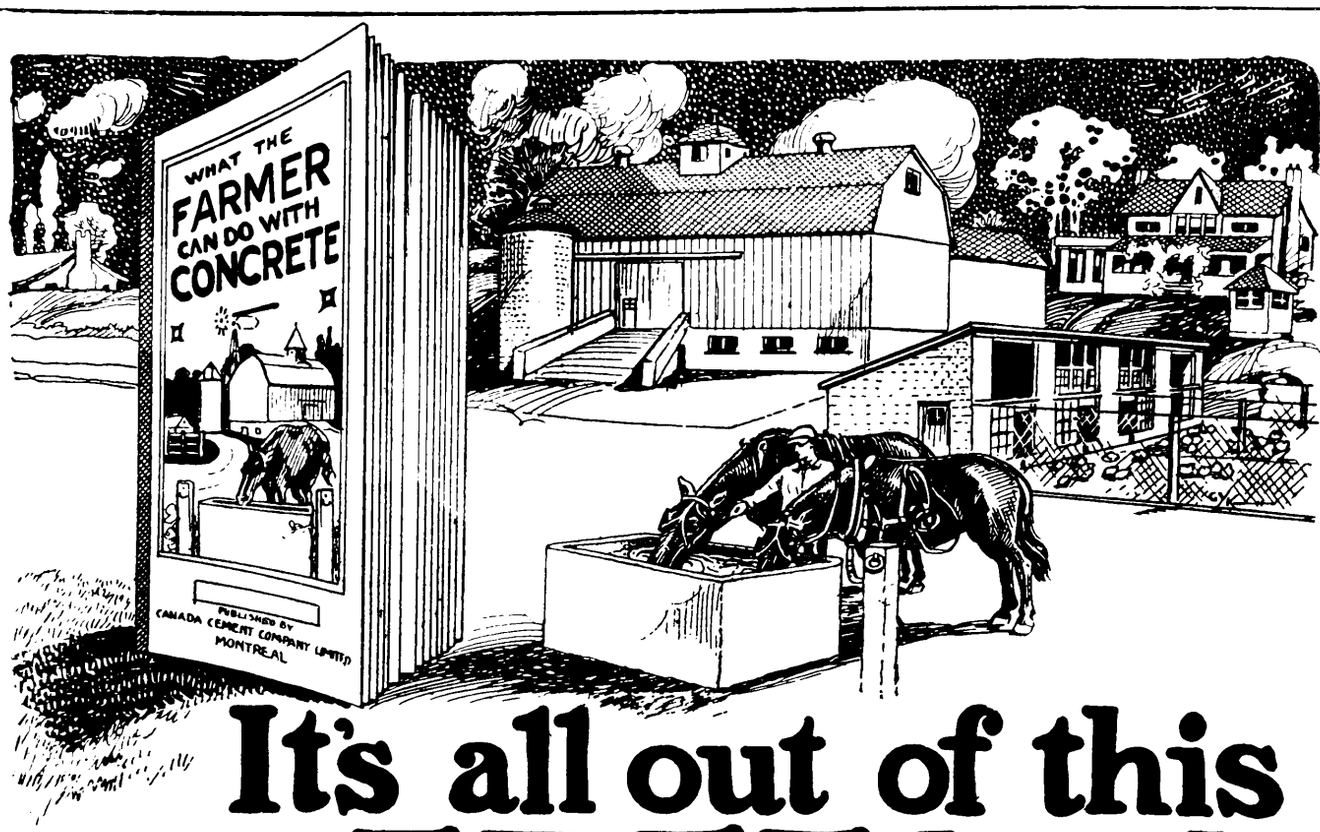

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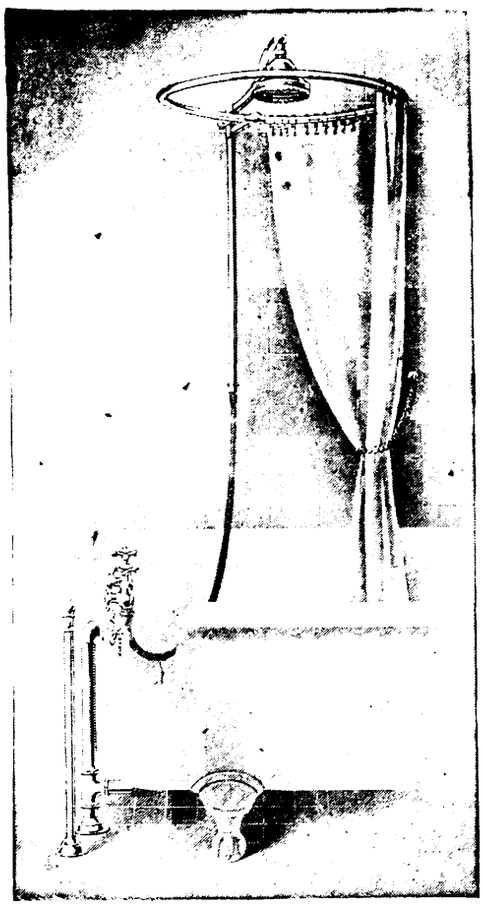

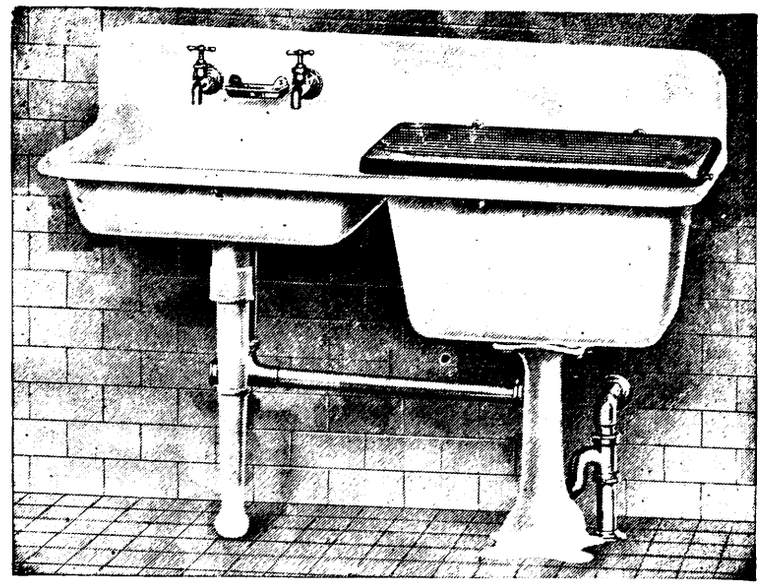

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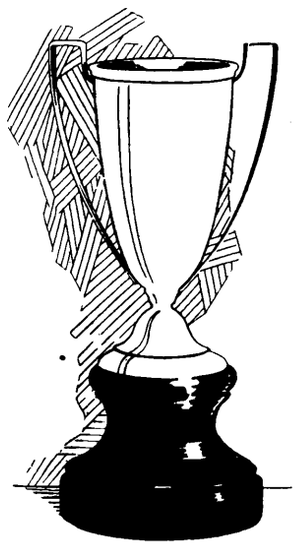

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